

No. 12

FEBRUARY, 1938

# Detective COMICS



10¢

CREIG  
FLESELL

## News!

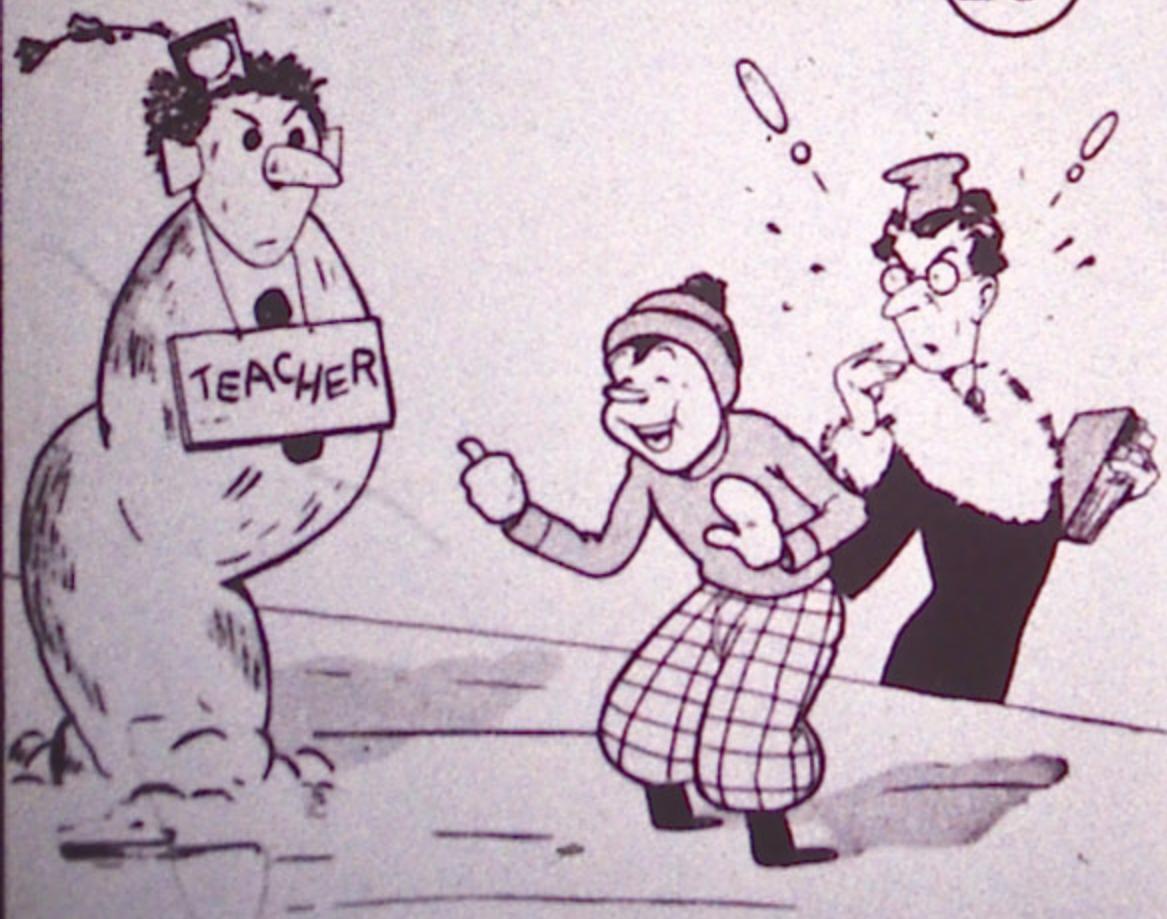
No. 29

FEBRUARY, 1938

MORE

FUN  
COMICS

10



*here comes  
a  
champion!*

TRIED!  
TESTED!  
PROVED!

## DETECTIVE COMICS

MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON

*Editor and Publisher*

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

*Associate Editor*

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# SPEED SAUNDERS

by  
CREIG  
FLESSEL



A DUST-COVERED ROADSTER ROARS OVER THE PARCHED AND DESOLATE WASTELAND OF SOUTHERN TEXAS. HUNCHED AT THE WHEEL IS SPEED SAUNDERS RETURNING TO NEW YORK AFTER SUCCESSFULLY ROUNDING UP THE CALONI GANG IN CALIFORNIA!

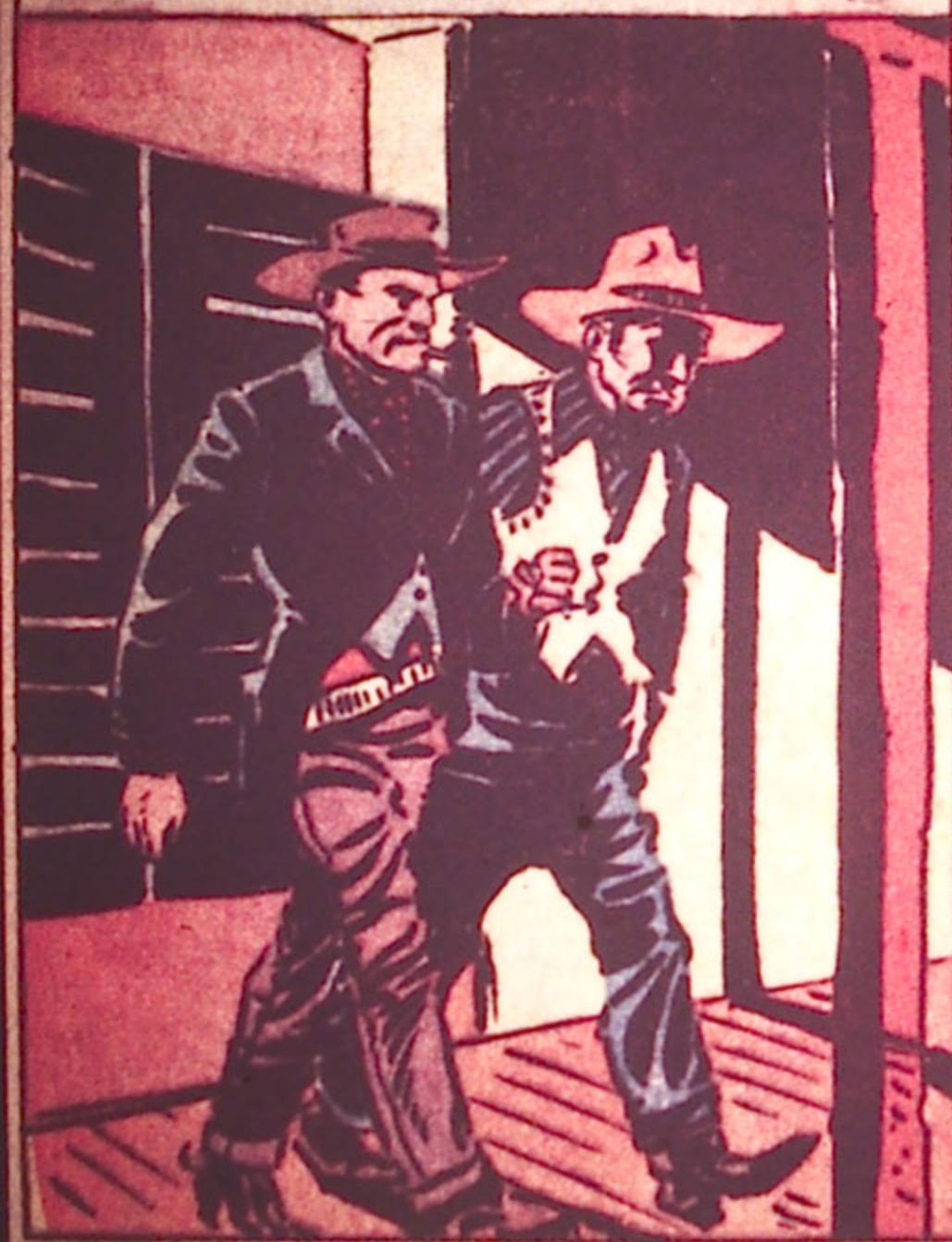
DALLAS  
BANG!  
ANOTHER HOUR  
AND I'LL BE IN DALLAS.  
BOY AM I TIRED!  
HEY, WHAT'S THIS? A  
SHOT? NO - IT'S THE  
REAR TIRE GONE  
FLAT! - \*!?







THE TWO MEN QUICKLY LEAVE THE SALOON.  
SPEED PREPARES TO FOLLOW THEM!



SPEED WHIRLS AND UNCORKS A HARD  
LEFT TO THE BARTENDER'S JAW! --

RUSHING OUT OF THE SALOON - LEAPS  
ONTO HIS HORSE AND IS OFF IN A  
CLOUD OF DUST AFTER THE SWINDLER!

RIDING HARD, FOLLOWING A BLIND TRAIL,  
SPEED PURSUES THE TWO HORSEMAN  
HOPING TO INTERCEPT THEIR PLANS-



HIDDEN BEHIND A ROCK, SPEED LOOKS  
AND LISTENS! - CAREFULLY HE PLANS  
HIS ATTACK AS THE DAWN APPROACHED.



SPEED DIVES ACROSS THE FIRE AND  
GRAPPLES WITH THE STARTLED CROOKS!



SPEED SENDS ONE OF HIS OPPONENTS SPRAWLING INTO THE FIRE. THE OTHER ONE TURNS AND RUNS - SPEED DRAWS HIS GUN

“MISSSED HIM”

“DASHING TO THE RIVER THE CROOK PLUNGES IN! - BUT SPEED IS RIGHT BEHIND HIM - EAGER FOR A FIGHT!



SPEED GRAPPLS DESPERATELY WITH THE MAN AS HE COMES TO THE SURFACE -



THEY FIGHT ON - HALF-DROWNED FOR AN HOUR - DAWN IS NEAR



“YOU CATCHUM TWO VERY BAD MAN. WE FIND OTHER MAN, BURN IN SEAT OF PANTS.”

“YOU BRAVE SCOUT, SPEED.”

“PHEW! WHAT A RASSLE!”



“WE THANK YOU HEAD MUCH. YOU STAY HERE. WE GIVE YOU OIL WELL. YOU BE RICH!”

“NO THANKS, CHIEF. I'VE GOT TO BE ON MY WAY!”



“HAVING ACCOMPLISHED HIS MISSION, SPEED IS AGAIN AT THE WHEEL OF HIS CAR, GOING TO NEW YORK



# BIG PRIZES and CASH! PROFITS!

BOYS, 12 to 15! Here's a speedy, streamlined bike for you! Made of aluminum alloy; 20% lighter than most bikes. Has a long wheel base, bow-arch frame; fully equipped as shown. You can easily earn it and any of 300 other big prizes, including a movie machine, typewriter, and camping supplies. Make MONEY at the same time! Just obtain customers in your neighborhood and deliver our 3 fine magazines to them. To start, mail this coupon to Jim Thayer, Dept. 770, The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



The  
Monark  
SILVER  
KING

THE MEN OF THE F.B.I.  
(FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION)  
ARE CONSTANTLY ENGAGED IN  
THE DETECTION AND PREVENTION  
OF CRIME . . . .

THE F.B.I. MEN ARE  
EXPERTS IN THE ART  
OF MOULAGE, WHEREBY  
THEY CAN REPRODUCE  
FOOTPRINTS AND OTHER  
MARKS AS THEY  
APPEARED AT THE  
TIME OF THE CRIME.

INVISIBLE INK  
MEANS NOTHING  
TO THE G-MEN,  
WHO TRANSLATE  
SECRET MESSAGES  
BY MEANS OF  
CHEMICALS AND  
VIOLET RAYS---



STATEMENT of the OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., Required by the ACT OF CONGRESS of AUGUST 24, 1912, and MARCH 3, 1933. Of Detective Comics, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October, 1937  
State of New York, County of New York, etc.

Before me, as a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared M. W. Nicholson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Detective Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:  
Publisher, Detective Comics, Inc., 432 Fourth Avenue, New York City, Editor, M. W. Nicholson, 432 Fourth Avenue, New York City, Managing Editor, none, Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 114 East 47th Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of such individual members, must be given.)

Detective Comics, Inc., 432 Fourth Avenue, New York City, M. W. Nicholson, 432 Fourth Avenue, New York City, J. S. Liebowitz, 114 East 47th Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) **NONE**

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in case where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing all facts material to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affidavit has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson, 100007

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of October, 1937 (Signed) Alfred B. Yaffe. (My commission expires March 30, 1938.)

# LARRY STEELE

## PRIVATE DETECTIVE

~ by Will Ely ~

LARRY MAKES A NOCTURNAL INSPECTION OF THE CLUB RIVIERA, ONLY TO BE TAKEN CAPTIVE BY ONE OF ORSATTI'S HENCHMEN - HE IS BROUGHT TO A CLEVERLY CONCEALED HIDEOUT, THE ENTRANCE OF WHICH IS A TRAP-DOOR BENEATH A RUG IN A TENTH FLOOR APARTMENT OWNED BY ORSATTI - THE HIDEOUT IS AN UNUSED APARTMENT ON THE FLOOR BELOW - ORSATTI AND TWO OF HIS MEN ARE THERE TO GREET HIM --

SO YOU HAVE A WAY OF  
TAKING CARE OF ONE ---  
I SUPPOSE THAT MEANS  
MURDER -

WHAT DO YOU  
THINK ?

NO ONE, OUTSIDE OF MY OWN  
MEN, EVER COMES THROUGH  
THAT TRAP DOOR AND LIVES  
TO CO OUT AGAIN !

YOU'RE A SMART COPPER,  
AND YOU PROBABLY HAVE  
PLENTY ON ME - SO I'LL  
HAVE TO ELIMINATE YOU !

YOU'VE STILL GOT TO DISPOSE  
OF THE BODY - THAT WON'T BE  
TOO EASY IN THIS APARTMENT -

I'VE ALREADY TAKEN  
CARE OF THAT -  
LOOK OVER HERE --

DO YOU SEE THIS  
CLOSET ? WELL  
LOOK NOW - NOT A  
CLOSET BUT A  
SHAFT AT THE BOT-  
TOM OF WHICH IS  
A QUICK LIME PIT !

THAT'S JUST WHERE  
YOU'RE GOING ! YOU  
WON'T LAST LONG  
WHEN THE LIME GETS  
TO WORK ON YOU -  
THAT IS, IF YOU SHOULD  
LIVE AFTER FALLING  
TEN STORIES !



AS PROVIDENCE WOULD HAVE IT, A POLICE CAR  
PASSES THE APARTMENT IN THE STREET BELOW,  
THE SIREN SHRILLING LOUDLY -



THE GANGSTERS, NATURALLY JUMPY FROM EVA-  
ING THE LAW, ARE TAKEN OFF THEIR GUARD,  
MOMENTARILY GIVING LARRY THE BREAK HE  
NEEDS - QUICK AS A FLASH HE CRABS THE CUN  
OF HIS NEAREST OPPONENT, GIVING HIM A TER-  
RIFIC YANK --



HE SIDESTEPS AS HE DOES SO, AND THE IMPACT  
SLINGS THE UNFORTUNATE CROOK INTO  
ORSATTI'S DEADLY SHAFT -



UNABLE TO BRING HIS GUN INTO ACTION IMMEDIATELY, HE LASHES OUT WITH A WELL DELIVERED KICK, WHICH SENDS THE GUN OF THE SECOND GANGSTER ACROSS THE ROOM --



WITH A WILD OATH ORSATTI OPENS FIRE WITH HIS AUTOMATIC --



TWO OF THE SLUGS TEAR INTO LARRY'S LEFT ARM AND SHOULDER, SLAMMING HIM AGAINST THE WALL --



ORSATTI FIRES WILDLY AGAIN, BUT MISSES --



LARRY, HIS HEAD DIZZY WITH THE SEARING PAIN IN HIS ARM, FIRES AND HITS ORSATTI DIRECTLY BETWEEN THE EYES --



ORSATTI SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR - HIS BODY SHUDDERS WITH ONE LAST CONVULSION AND THEN LIES STILL -



THE OTHER GANGSTER, UNABLE TO RECOVER HIS GUN IN A FAR CORNER, THROWS HIMSELF ON LARRY AS LARRY FIRES AGAIN --



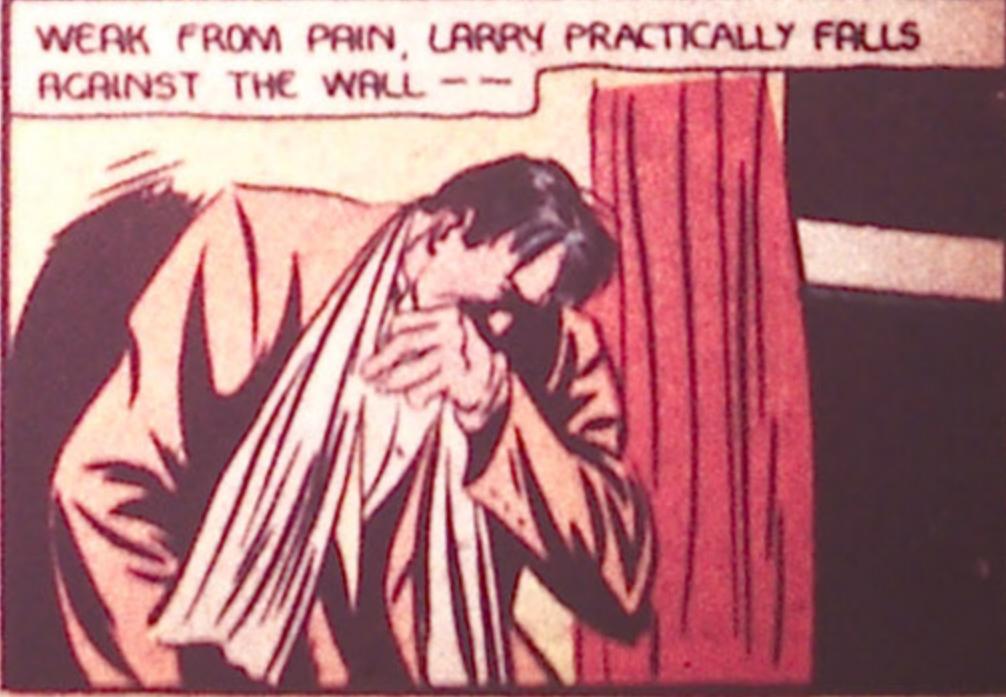
BUT TOO LATE - HE RECEIVES A BULLET THROUGH HIS STOMACH AND FALLS AT LARRY'S FEET, DEAD -



TAKE ANOTHER, YOU RAT !  
I'M TAKING NO CHANCES  
WITH YOU ! OHH ---



WEAK FROM PAIN, LARRY PRACTICALLY FALLS AGAINST THE WALL --



FIGHTING TO MAINTAIN CONSCIOUSNESS, HE STARTS ACROSS THE ROOM, WEAVING LIKE A PUNCH-DRUNK FIGHTER --

GOT TO GET TO THAT PHONE --- CALL THE COPS ---



HE SLUMPS DRUNKENLY INTO THE DESK CHAIR AND GRABS UP THE TELEPHONE --

GIVE ME POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AND HURRY !!

CHIEF -- I'M AT 110 WEST EIGHTIETH - TENTH FLOOR -- CO TO APARTMENT 11-C - TRAPDOOR UNDER RUG --- OH !



TOO WEAK TO CONTINUE, HE TDOPPLES FROM THE CHAIR AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR --

HELLO! HELLO, LARRY! WHAT'S WRONG! LARRY

TIRES SCREAMING,  
SIRENS BLOWING,  
THE POLICE TEAR  
IN A MAD DASH  
TO THE WEST EIGHT-  
IES TO RESCUE LARRY

SOMETHING IS WRONG!  
I JUST GOT A CALL  
FROM STEELE! HE'S  
IN TROUBLE! COME ON !!



THE POLICE RACE TO APARTMENT 11-C

BREAK IT DOWN !  
WE'VE NO TIME  
TO LOSE !

11-D

HERE'S THE TRAP !  
COME ON BOYS !

HERE HE IS !  
UNCONSCIOUS !  
HE'S BEEN SHOT -  
COME ON, WE'RE  
GOING TO GET  
HIM TO A  
HOSPITAL !

A FEW HOURS  
LATER AFTER  
LARRY HAS  
RECAINED  
CONSCIOUS-  
NESS IN THE  
HOSPITAL -

HOW'RE YOU FEEL-  
INC NOW, OLD BOY -  
YOU SURE MADE A  
MESS OF THOSE  
CROOKS !

I TOOK TWO  
SLUGS, BUT  
THEY'VE  
PATCHED  
ME UP  
PRETTY  
WELL -

DID THE POLICE  
FINISH THINGS UP ?

LARRY YOU'VE BROKEN UP ONE OF THE CROOKED-  
EST RINGS IN THE CITY - WE FOUND EVIDENCE  
IN THE FILES OF THE DESK TO CONVICT EVERY  
EMPLOYEE OF  
ORSATTI'S - AS FOR  
THE BIG SHOTS,  
YOUR BULLETS  
AND THE LINE PIT  
TOOK CARE OF THEM -  
THE POLICE DEPART-  
MENT IS PROUD OF

AND STILL  
LATER, LARRY  
RECEIVES  
MORE CALLERS -  
JAMES AND  
LAURA WILKES -

LARRY, HOW CAN  
WE EVER THANK  
YOU FOR WHAT  
YOU'VE DONE  
FOR US !

DON'T BOTHER  
IT WAS A  
PLEASURE -

YOUR FOLKS ARE WORRIED,  
LARRY, YOU CAN LEAVE  
NOW, SO WE'RE GOING  
TO TAKE YOU HOME -

THAT WILL BE SWELL  
I THINK I'LL SLEEP  
FOR A WEEK !

# LARRY STEELE

A WEEK LATER, LARRY IS  
DISCHARGED FROM HIS SICK-BED,  
FULLY RECOVERED FROM HIS  
GUN WOUNDS . . .



MR. JENKS, I BELIEVE -  
WHAT CAN I DO FOR  
YOU ?

IT'S ABOUT MY DAUGH-  
TER, MR. STEELE - SHE'S  
IN SOME KIND OF TROU-  
BLE - I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT IT IS, BUT I KNOW  
IT'S SERIOUS - IT HAS ME  
ABOUT FRANTIC !

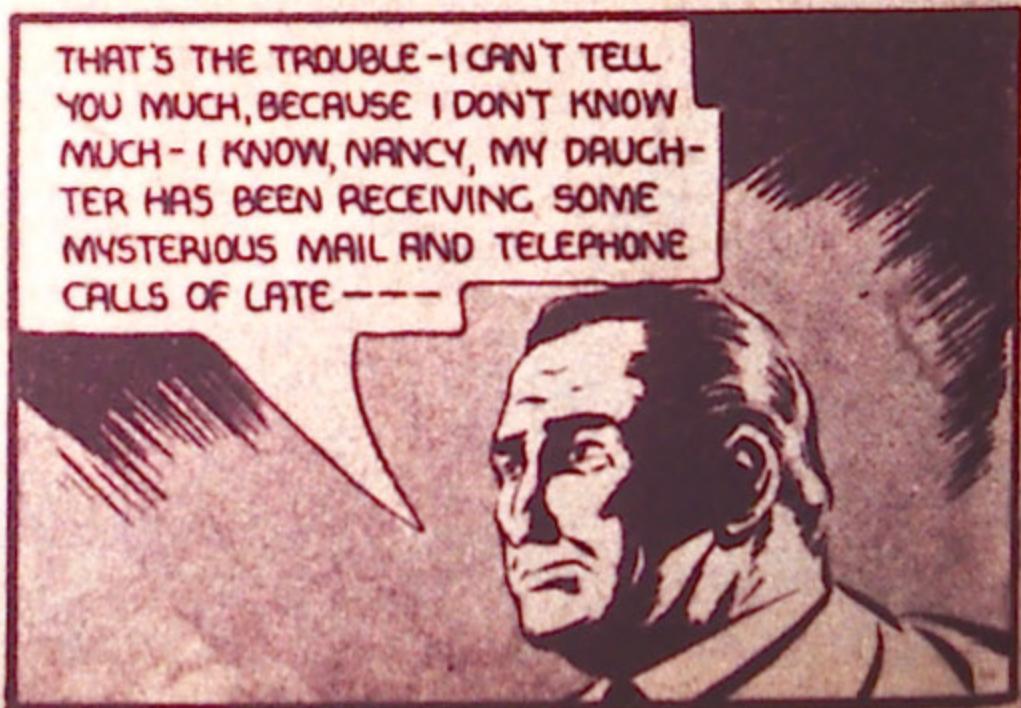
WHO SENT YOU HERE ?  
HOW DID YOU HAPPEN  
TO COME TO ME ?

I AM AN OLD FRIEND OF  
THE WILKES FAMILY -  
THEY KNOW NOTHING OF  
MY DISTRESS, BUT I HAVE  
HEARD YOUR NAME MENTIONED  
OVER THERE -  
THEY THINK VERY HIGH-  
LY OF YOU --



OH, YES - I WAS ABLE TO CLEAR  
UP A LITTLE MATTER THAT  
JAMES AND LAURA WILKES  
WERE CONCERNED WITH, BUT  
TELL ME MORE OF YOUR CASE -

THAT'S THE TROUBLE - I CAN'T TELL  
YOU MUCH, BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW  
MUCH - I KNOW, NANCY, MY DAUGH-  
TER HAS BEEN RECEIVING SOME  
MYSTERIOUS MAIL AND TELEPHONE  
CALLS OF LATE --



SHE SEEMS TO BE CONSTANtLY WORRIED - SHE'S A HIGH STRUNG GIRL - SINCE HER MOTHER'S DEATH I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DO A GREAT DEAL WITH HER - BUT SHE'S MY ONLY CHILD, IT WOULD KILL ME IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO HER -



WHO ARE THESE LETTERS AND PHONE CALLS FROM? WHAT CAN YOU GIVE ME, IF ANYTHING, TO WORK ON?

THAT I CANNOT SAY - IT MIGHT BE THAT SHE IS IN THE CLUTCHES OF SOME EX-TORTION PACkET OR SOMETHING --



HERE ARE SOME VERY CLEAR AND DESCRIPTIVE PICTURES OF MY DAUGHTER - I'LL WRITE YOU A CHECK FOR A SUBSTANTIAL RETAINER FEE - YOU CAN START WORK AT ONCE, AND KEEP ME POSTED -

DO YOU HAVE MANY SERVANTS MR JENKS --



WHY ONLY A COOK, A MAID, AND A BUTLER - WHY?

SEND THE BUTLER ON A VACATION - I'M TAKING HIS PLACE FOR A WHILE -



THAT EVENING FINDS LARRY MOVING INTO THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS OF THE JENKS' HOME --



FIRST OF ALL LARRY TAPS THE TELEPHONE LINE  
AND PLACES A SET OF EAR-PHONES IN HIS ROOM-

THAT WILL TAKE  
CARE OF TELEPHONE  
MESSAGES --



HE THEN GOES ABOUT HIS SERVICES AS A BUTLER



I SEE WE HAVE  
A NEW BUTLER,  
DADDY --

YES, MY DEAR, - PERKINS  
NEEDED A VACATION -



I DON'T KNOW  
WHY, BUT HE  
LOOKS STRANGELY  
FAMILIAR ---



NANCY, YOU HAVE  
HARDLY TOUCHED  
YOUR FOOD --

I'M NOT VERY HUNGRY  
DADDY --



YOU'RE WANTED  
ON THE PHONE,  
MISS JENKS --



I'LL JUST SEE  
WHO'S CALLING !



LARRY LISTENS IN ON THE CONVERSATION —



NOW WE WOULDN'T WANT ANY HARM TO COME TO YOU, MISS JENKS --



BUT I TELL YOU I CAN'T RAISE THAT AMOUNT BY TONIGHT —



YOU CAN GET IT — OR ELSE ! BE IN THE PARK, CORNER OF 72<sup>nd</sup>, 9:00 SHARP !



WHAT AM I GOING TO DO ! \$50,000. ! I HAVEN'T GOT IT !



THIS KIDS IN A JAM — I'LL GET THERE AHEAD OF HER AND TAKE THEM RED-HANDED !



THESE JEWELS ARE ALL I HAVE LEFT — THEY'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEM — OH IF THEY'D ONLY LEAVE ME ALONE NOW !



DADDY, I'M GOING OUT FOR A SHORT WALK —



AGAIN ? I WISH YOU WOULDN'T GO OUT ALONE AT NIGHT —



LARRY LEAVES THE HOUSE THE BACK WAY AND ENTERS HIS CAR —

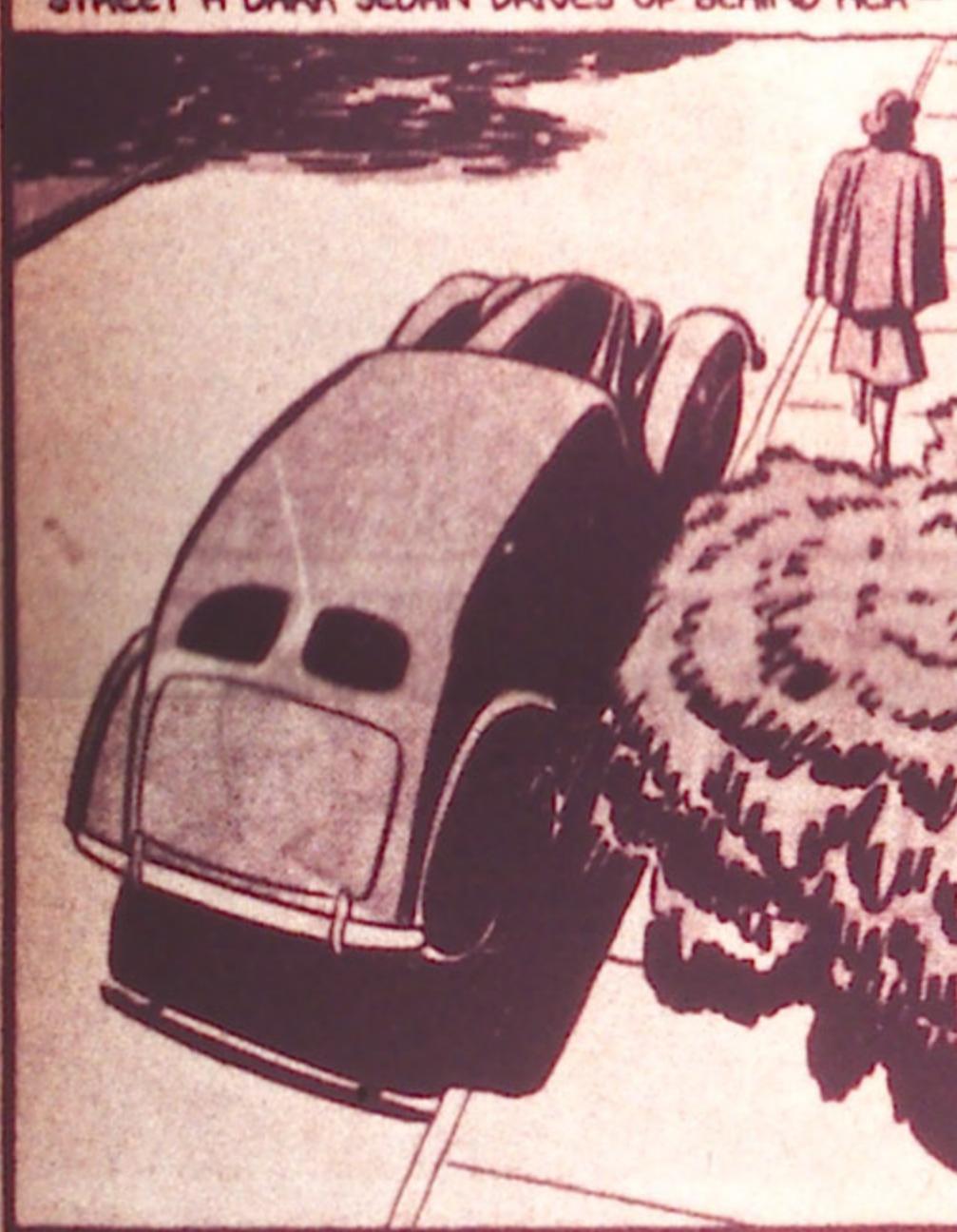


DRIVING HARD HE REACHES THE PARK AHEAD OF TIME —

I'LL LEAVE THE CAR HERE AND HIDE IN THE SHRUBBERY —



AS MISS JENKS NEARS THE CORNER OF 72<sup>ND</sup> STREET A DARK SEDAN DRIVES UP BEHIND HER —



IT STOPS — TWO MEN JUMP OUT AND GRAB HER — ONE THROWS A CLOTH OVER HER HEAD —



HEY! THIS LOOKS LIKE A KIDNAP!!



THE CLOTH IS SATURATED WITH CHLOROFORM — SHE GOES LIMP IN THEIR ARMS —



SHE IS PULLED INTO THE CAR, AND IT SPEEDS AWAY



LARRY IS ALREADY AT THE WHEEL OF HIS OWN CAR GETTING IT IN MOTION —



HE FIRES AT THE TIRES AND GAS TANK OF THE CAR AHEAD —



SOME MUG'S FOLLOWIN' US !

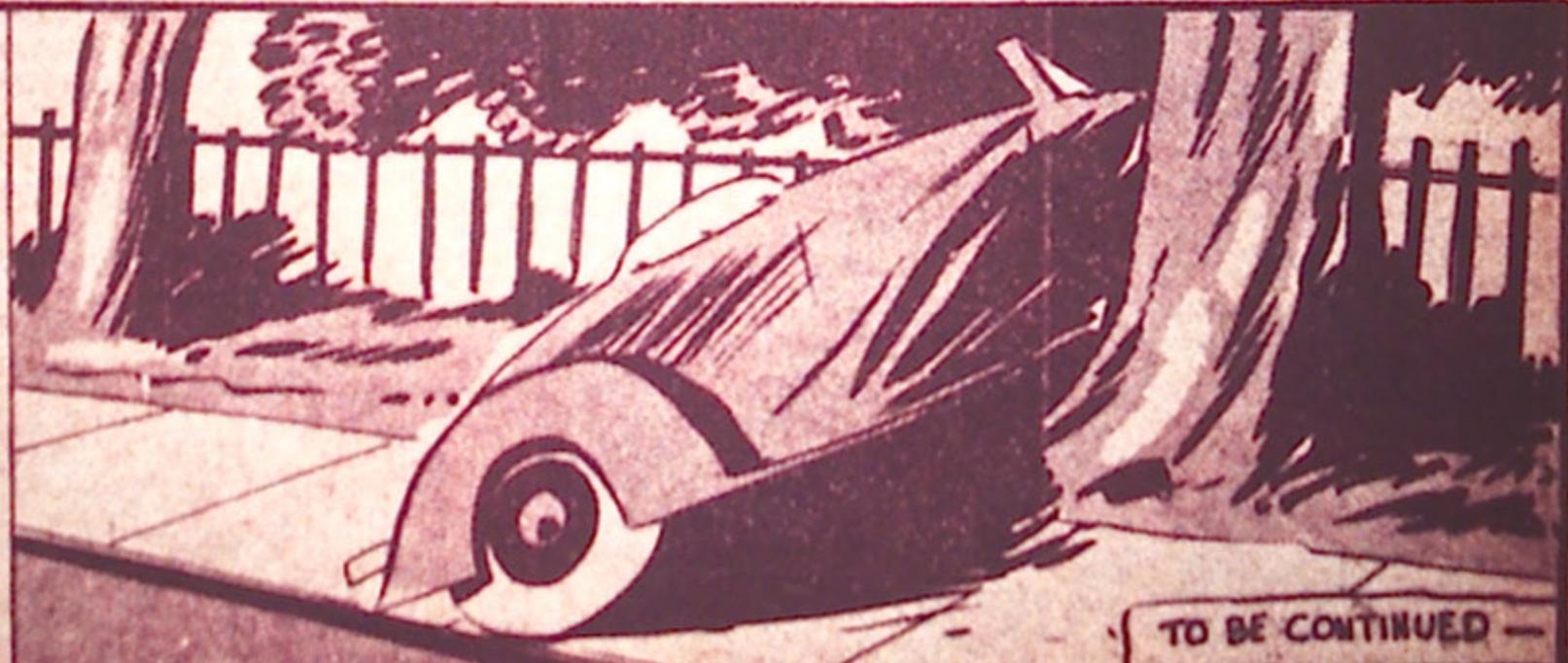
USE YER CHOPPER !



A TOMMY GUN APPEARS AT THE WINDOW OF THE KIDNAPPERS CAR AND STARTS TO SPIT STEEL-JACKETED MESSENGERS OF DEATH —

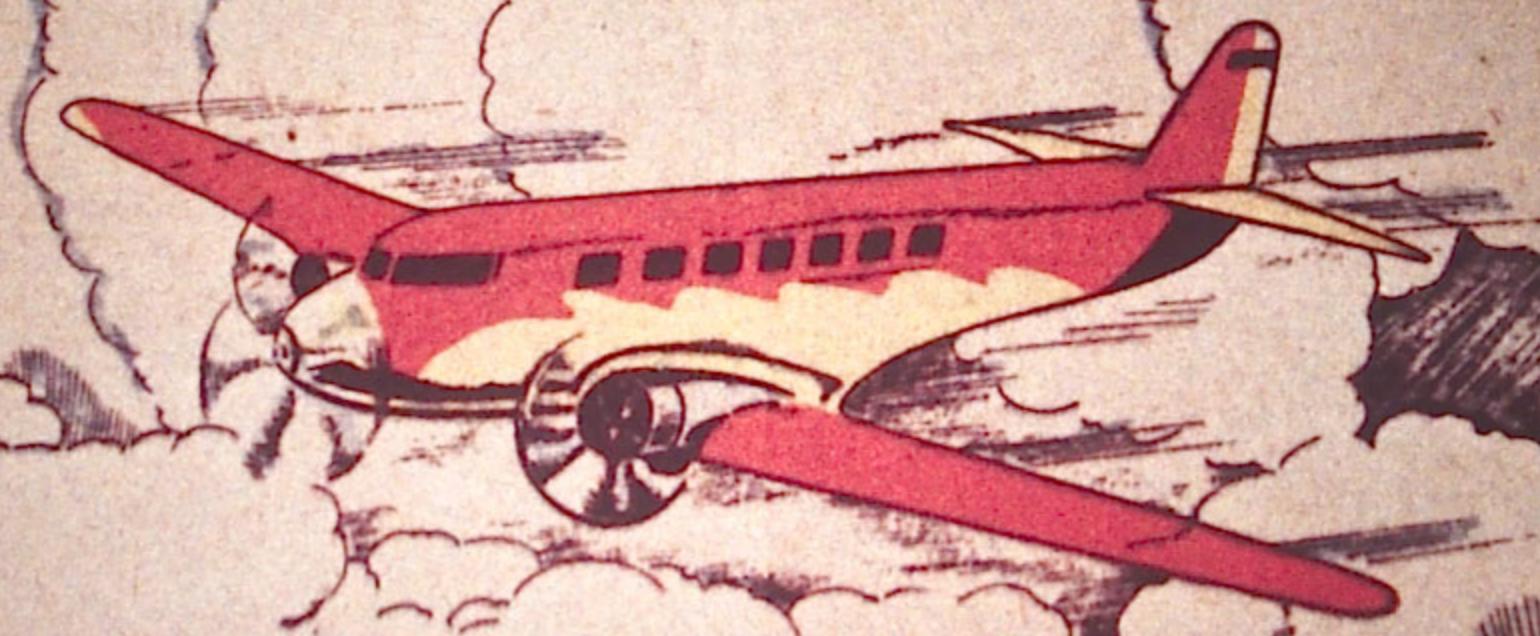


LARRY'S CAR IS RIDDLED — HE LOSES CONTROL AND THE CAR CAREENS UP ON THE SIDEWALK AND INTO A FENCE —



TO BE CONTINUED —

# MURDER IN THE CLOUDS



By  
Tom Hickey

A NICE LOW-WINGED MONOPLANE,  
LAUNCHED FROM THE TAKE OFF LINE AT  
GREAT AMERICAN AIRPORT, TAKED  
GENTLY INTO THE WIND, ROLLED DOWN  
THE STRAIGHT AWAY, GATHERED LIFT,  
AND SLICED SMOOTHLY INTO THE AIR.



1  
AT THE FIRST ROAR FROM THE TRI-MOTOR, A DOOR  
MARKED "PRIVATE" IN THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING OF  
GREAT AMERICAN LINES BROKE OPEN. A SMALL, PLUMP  
MAN LUGGING A LARGE SQUARE SUITCASE, LEAPED FROM  
THE OFFICE AND OUT INTO THE FIELD. HE SHOUTED. —



BUT THE THUNDER OF THE MOTORS DROWNED OUT HIS  
SHOUTS. FINALLY HE STOPPED RUNNING, AND SHOOK  
HIS FIST AT THE VANISHING PLANE.



2  
A PORTER CROSSED THE FIELD TO THE PLUMP MAN.



3  
THE BIG SHIP CIRCLED BACK, GAINING ALTITUDE,  
HITTING DIRECTION. MR CLIFFORD CURSED THE PILOT ONCE  
MORE, WRENCHED AT THE HANDLE OF HIS HEAVY SUIT-  
CASE AND TURNED BACK TOWARDS THE OFFICE. — THEN! —



THE HEAVENS WERE SPLIT BY A TERRIFIC ROAR. THE HUGE SHIP BURST INTO FLAMES, CRUMPLED AND PITCHED EARTHWARD.



6

LIKE A BLAZING TORCH IT ZOOMED TO THE GROUND. WOMEN SCREAMED. THE MORE STOUT HEARTED TRADED TOWARDS THE FLAMING PYRE ACCOMPANIED BY THE GROUND CREW AND THE CLANGING AMBULANCE.



7

MR. CLIFFORD STAMPED AROUND SHOUTING TO ANY ONE WHO WOULD LISTEN. —

AND TO THINK, A MINUTE EARLIER AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN ON THAT PLANE. I WOULD BE IN THAT BURNING MASS OF WRECKAGE.



8

AT A TALL THIN MAN, HAWK-BEAKED, HAWK-EYED, HEARD CLIFFORD AND UTTERED A HARSH, GRATING LAUGH.



9

CLIFFORD GREW SUDDENLY PALE AS HE SPIED THE TALL MAN. HE PLUNGED INTO THE CROWD LUGGING HIS SUITCASE.



10

THE FOLLOWING MORNING BRUCE NELSON LOLLED  
IN HIS PET CHAIR READING AN ACCOUNT OF THE TRAGEDY.

THAT'S SURE WAS A NASTY CRACK UP. I WONDER  
WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED THE EXPLOSION.



11

AT THIS POINT THE PHONE BUZZED.

BRUCE NELSON SPEAKING. WHO?  
MR. CLIFFORD? OF GREAT AMERICAN  
AIRLINES? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU,  
MR. CLIFFORD?



12

MR. NELSON, YOU'RE  
INTERESTED IN CRIME  
DETECTION, I'VE BEEN TOLD.  
WELL I NEED YOUR HELP.  
I'M BEING BLACKMAILED  
—OR MAYBE IT'S EXTORTION.



13

BUT THOSE AIRPLANE CRASHES, YOU KNOW. WE  
SUSPECT MURDER. THE ONE LAST NIGHT WAS THE  
SECOND. WE'RE HAVING A CONFERENCE  
IN MY OFFICE IN ABOUT AN HOUR.  
PERSONALLY, I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU ATTEND.



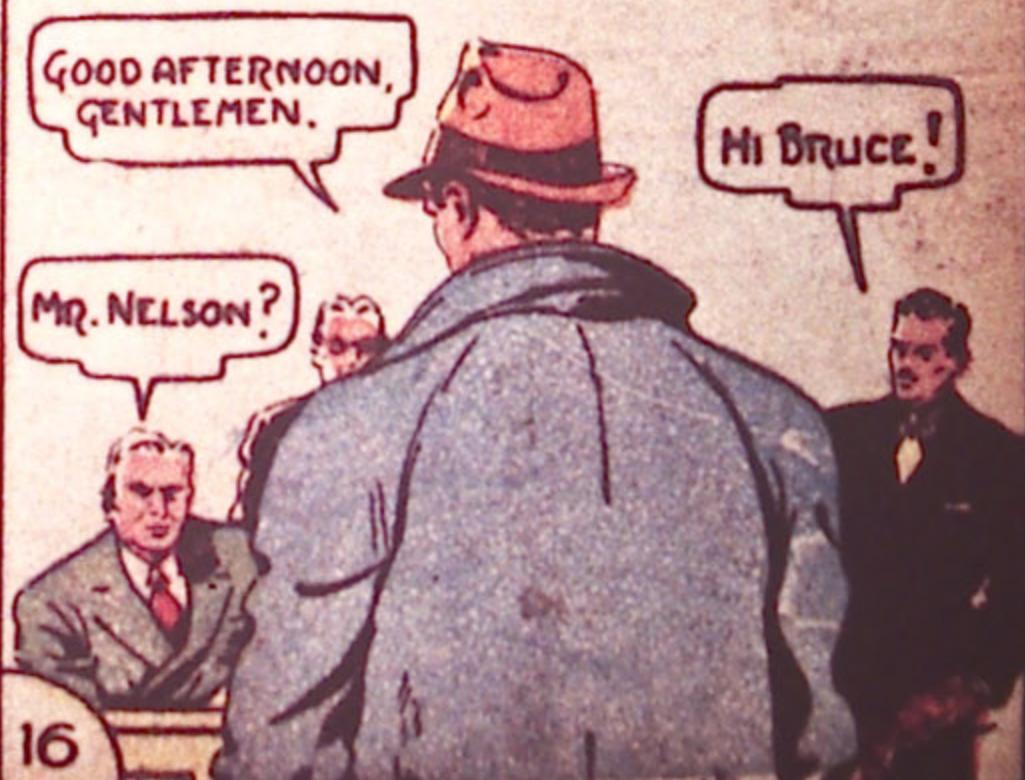
14

AT THREE O'CLOCK NELSON DREW UP BEFORE THE  
AIRPORT.



15

PRESENT IN THE OFFICE WERE MR. CLIFFORD, CHIEF  
INSPECTOR STEVE HARRISON AND PRESIDENT LONG  
OF GREAT AMERICAN AIRLINES.



16

WELL WHAT'S THE SET UP?  
GIVE ME THE DETAILS STEVE.

O.K. BRUCE. WE'RE  
LOOKING FOR SOME  
KIND OF A CRAZY RADICAL  
EXAMINATION OF YESTERDAY'S  
WRECK SHOWS THAT THERE WAS  
SOME SORT OF EXPLOSIVE USED—  
PICRIC ACID, PROBABLY.

IT'S THE SECOND ACCIDENT ON GREAT AMERICAN'S  
LINE IN THE PAST MONTH. OBVIOUSLY, WHOEVER IS  
BEHIND THESE AWFUL KILLINGS IS CRAZY. NO SANE  
PERSON IS GOING UP IN A PLANE, BLOW IT, HIMSELF AND  
EVERYBODY IN IT, OUT OF THE AIR.



17



18

HE COULDN'T DO IT TWICE ANYWAY. — DON'T YOU  
SEE, IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, IT WOULD TAKE MORE  
THAN ONE NUT TO CAUSE THE TWO CRASHES?

INSANITY DOESN'T RUN THAT WAY. CERTAINLY, THE  
MANIA WOULDN'T BE RESTRICTED TO GREAT  
AMERICAN ALONE. LET'S HEAR YOUR VERSION, MR. CLIFFORD.

I'M TOO UPSET. YOU TELL  
THEM WHAT WE THINK,  
MR. LONG.



19



20

FOUR MINUTES LATER, OUR PLANE WAS BLOWN TO BITS.  
SOMEONE IS CERTAINLY HINTING, SUBTLY ENOUGH,  
THAT MR. CLIFFORD PAY HIM FIFTEEN THOUSAND  
DOLLARS. HE HAS A TELEGRAM —

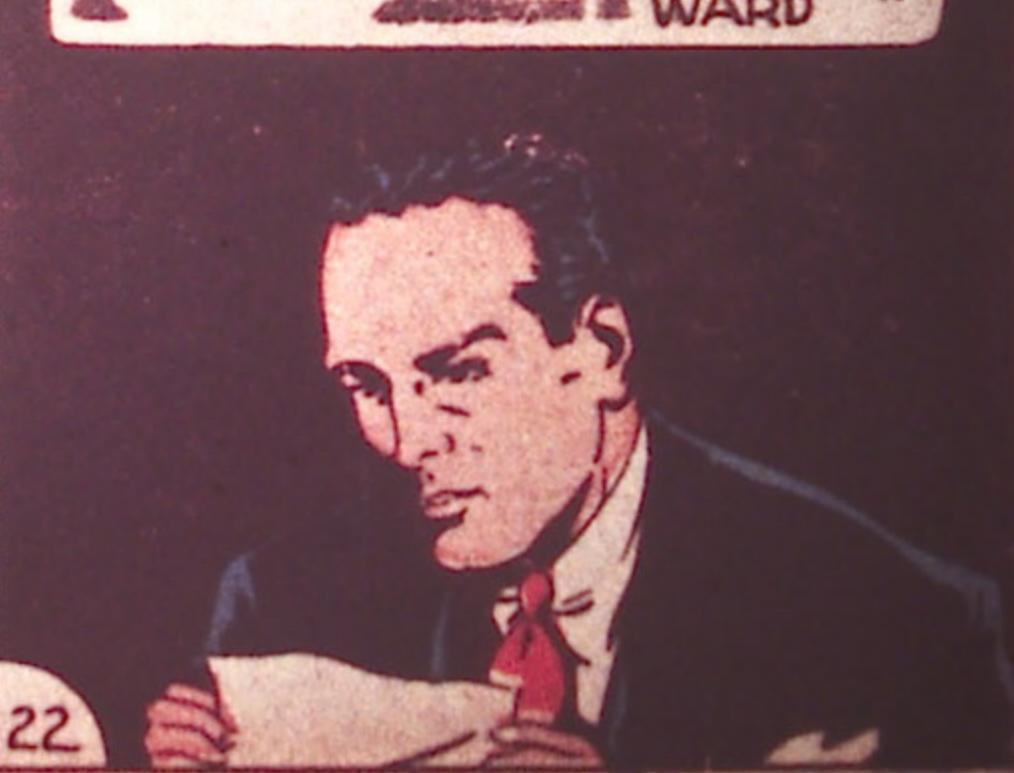
LET ME SEE THE  
TELEGRAM.



21

“ DEAR CLIFFORD AM I ANNOYING YOU  
STOP I WOULD LIKE TO BUY A COTTAGE  
AT MALIBU STOP COST FIFTEEN  
THOUSAND

WARD ”



22

UHM, I SEE. THE MAN CALLED  
ON YOU IN PERSON, DIDN'T HE?



23

I KNOW HIS METHODS. YOU'D NEVER PIN BLACKMAIL OR  
EXTORTION ON HIM EVEN IF YOU HAD A FLOCK OF WITNESSES.  
HE'LL NEVER DEMAND MONEY — ONLY HINT AND KEEP  
ANNNOYING YOU UNTIL YOU KICK IN. I THINK I'D PUT UP  
OR SHUT UP. THERE'S A CHANCE OF PINNING HIM WITH  
MURDER, BUT NOT BLACKMAIL. HE'S TOO CLEVER.

24

SEE IF I'M RIGHT ON WARD'S DESCRIPTION — TALL, BONY,  
PIERCING EYES, A THIN HOOKED NOSE, AND LAUGHS  
LIKE A GHOUL.



25

A THIN, HIGH-PITCHED MUSICAL NOTE SOUNDED.

WHAT WAS THAT?



26

I THINK I'LL TAKE A CRACK AT THAT. I COULD USE  
FIVE GRAND. CLIFFORD, WILL YOU GET ME THE PASSENGER  
LISTS FROM THE TWO PLANES THAT HAVE BEEN BOMBED.



27

BUT LAY OFF WARD. YOU CAN'T GET A COURT CASE  
AGAINST HIM. HE'S POISON — MY OWN PARTICULAR  
BRAND. — GOOD DAY GENTLEMEN.



28

AS HE WAS LEAVING CLIFFORD'S OFFICE HE RAN INTO A PORTER. WHEN THE MAN SAW NELSON'S FACE HE TURNED PALE AND DARTED PAST HIM INTO THE OFFICE.

SHIFTY LEVIS! I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?



29

HE WAITED FOR THE PORTER TO REAPPEAR BUT HE EVIDENTLY LEFT BY ANOTHER DOOR. NELSON WALKED BACK TO THE OFFICE AND STUCK HIS HEAD IN THE DOOR.

I SAY, MR. CLIFFORD -



30

IT WAS A TELEGRAM FROM THE DETROIT AIRPORT.

DETROIT OCT 21/52 7A D2575

CLIFFORD  
GREAT AMERICAN AIRLINES  
PITTSTON

EASTBOUND PLANE FOR CLEVELAND CRASHED  
OUTSIDE SOUTH BEND STOP EXPLOSION  
PROBABLE REASON STOP CANT YOU DO  
SOMETHING

EDW DRAWSON  
GENERAL MGR  
GREAT AMERICAN AIRLINES  
DETROIT



31

I WANT THAT PASSENGER LIST, TOO, CLIFFORD.  
I'LL BET THERE WAS A WEALTHY MAN ON THAT SHIP.  
AND LOOK OUT FOR THE PORTER THAT BROUGHT IN THIS  
TELEGRAM. I RECOGNIZED HIM AS SHIFTY LEVIS, HE'S  
AN EX CON.



32

NELSON RETURNED TO HIS APARTMENT AND STUDIED  
THE PASSENGER LIST OF THE THREE PLANES.

JUST AS I THOUGHT. EACH PLANE CARRIED AT  
LEAST ONE MAN WEALTHY ENOUGH TO PAY  
EXTORTION MONEY.



33

AT ABOUT EIGHT O'CLOCK THAT EVENING NELSON HAD  
A CALLER. A TALL, DARK, TIRED LOOKING YOUNG MAN.

PAUL CRANDALL! HOW ARE YOU?  
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN A LONG  
TIME. SIT DOWN.

HELLO BRUCE. I'VE  
BEEN BUSY MAKING  
MONEY. HAVEN'T HAD  
TIME TO DROP AROUND.



34

THAT'S NICE WORK IF YOU  
CAN GET IT PAUL. WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING, COUNTERFEITING?

NO, MY MONEY IS  
GOOD. PROBABLY  
THAT'S WHY THEY'RE  
AFTER IT. READ THIS.



35

SCRIBBLED IN PENCIL, EH. "I do want that  
speed boat, \$20,000 dollars is my price.  
If you expect to live, put the money in  
the first rural mail box outside of the  
city on route 26 - Ward.



36

WERE YOU LEAVING TOWN TOMORROW  
AND TRAVELING BY PLANE?

YES, I ALWAYS  
TRAVEL BY  
PLANE. WHY?



37

THE EXTORTIONIST'S OTHER VICTIMS ALWAYS  
TRAVELED BY PLANE. I'LL BET THE PLANE YOU FLY  
IN TOMORROW WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS UNLESS YOU  
KICK IN WITH THE MONEY.

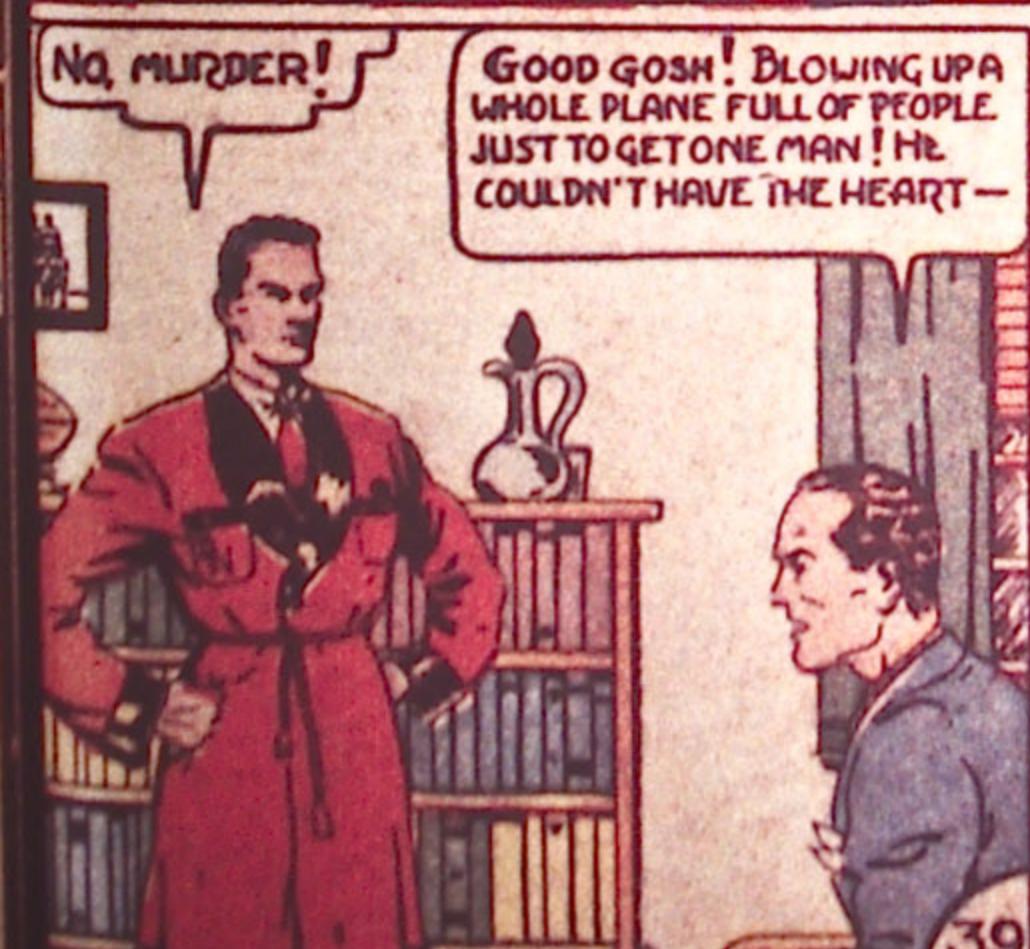
YOU DON'T MEAN  
THAT THOSE AWFUL  
AIR EXPLOSIONS  
WEREN'T ACCIDENTS.



38

NO, MURDER!

GOOD GOSH! BLOWING UP A  
WHOLE PLANE FULL OF PEOPLE  
JUST TO GET ONE MAN! HE  
COULDN'T HAVE THE HEART -



39

CRANDALL, MEN WHO KILL FOR GAIN HAVEN'T GOT  
HEARTS. IN THE PAST MONTH, THIS MAN HAS KILLED  
TWENTY-FIVE TO GET THREE. YOUR SHIP WOULD BE  
NO EXCEPTION. CAN YOU RAISE THE MONEY?

40



DO IT THEN. TAKE YOUR TRIP  
TOMORROW, BUT PAY UP FIRST.  
HE'D GET YOU ANYWAY EVEN IF  
YOU DIDN'T GO BY PLANE. IT'S  
SIMPLY SAFER FOR HIM TO KILL  
IN THE AIR.

YES, BUT —



BUT WHO DOES HE USE  
FOR A TOOL? I MEAN THE  
PERSON WHO SETS OFF THE  
BOMB IN THE PLANE. THAT  
AMOUNTS TO SUICIDE!

THE TOOL THAT SETS  
OFF THOSE BOMBS IS  
EVERYWHERE. IT ISN'T  
A PERSON, BUT IT'S IN  
THIS ROOM RIGHT NOW.

42

WHA-WHAT! —



I CAN SEE YOU DON'T FOLLOW ME  
NOW RUN ALONG HOME PAUL,  
AND DON'T WORRY. I'M GOING  
TO SEE WARD.

NOT THE FIEND  
WHO WROTE ME  
THAT NOTE?

44

I DON'T KNOW NOW BUT I SOON WILL.



A SHORT TIME LATER HE WAS SPEEDING DOWN  
GROVE AVE. HIS DESTINATION CHARLTON ARMS,  
AN EXCLUSIVE APARTMENT BUILDING.

46



NELSON BROUGHT HIS  
SLEEK ROADSTER TO A  
STOP BEFORE CHARLIE'S  
ARMS. WHEN HARVEY  
ACE BLACKMAILER, WAS  
IN TOWN, HE WAS ALWAYS  
AT HOME IN APARTMENT  
C4.

He rang the bell and presently Ward himself  
answered the door.

>Hello Ward.

Well, well, Mr. Nelson,  
a little surprise, will  
you? Come in.

47

48

Will you have a drink, Nelson?

I'll take  
a glass of  
ginger ale, thanks  
Ward.

And now Nelson, to get right  
down to brass tacks, to what  
do I owe this visit.

Crandon goes  
for a ride to  
tomorrow. He's  
going on one of  
Great American's  
planes. You didn't know that  
did you, Ward?

49

50

WHAT'S IT TO ME?

AND UNLESS CRANDALL PLUNKS DOWN TWENTY GRAND THAT PLANE WON'T REACH IT'S DESTINATION.



THAT DOESN'T BOTHER ME. I KEEP BOTH FEET ON THE GROUND.

WELL I THINK YOU'LL LIFT THEM TOMORROW.

I SORT OF LIKE CRANDALL SO I THINK I'LL SEND YOU ON THE TRIP WITH HIM AS A SORT OF INSURANCE AGAINST HIS GETTING HURT.

52

YOU'RE NOT BY ANY CHANCE THREATENING ME, ARE YOU NELSON?

CALL IT WHAT YOU WANT, BUT YOU'RE GOING ON THAT PLANE AT THE POINT OF A GUN IF NECESSARY. UNLESS YOU DECIDE TO TALK.



YOU KNOW CLIFFORD OF THE GREAT AMERICAN AIRLINES HAS A TELEGRAM YOU SENT HIM — A BLACKMAIL NOTE.

WAIT UNTIL YOU GET THAT TO COURT.

54

I'M NOT CRAZY ENOUGH TO TRY THAT. BUT CRANDALL HAS A BLACKMAIL NOTE — NOT A HINT THIS TIME, BUT A DEMAND WITH YOUR SIGNATURE! IT'LL STAND IN ANY COURT IN THE COUNTRY!

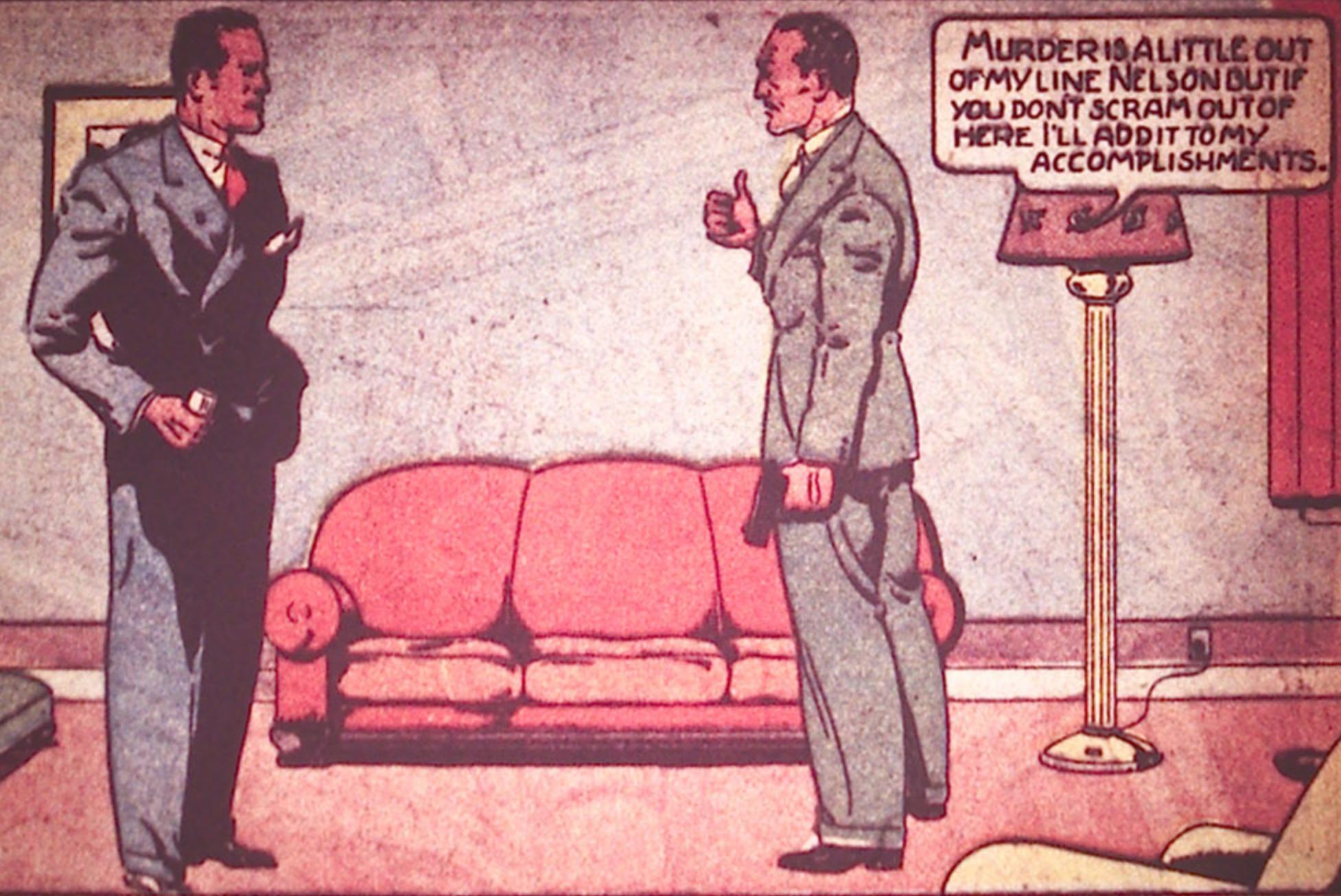
WHAT! THAT'S A BLASTED LIE!



YOU KNOW A LOT MORE THAN I DO ABOUT IT, WARD. YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY OR ELSE YOU'LL BE ON THAT DOOMED PLANE TOMORROW WITH CRANDALL.

56





WITH A SNARL WARD WHIPPED OUT HIS AUTOMATIC AND WAVED IT THREATENINGLY AT NELSON - -



CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE

# COUNTERFEIT

by Vincent Sullivan





SIM tilted his chair against the wall and placed his feet comfortably on my desk. He offered me a cigarette and plucked one from the pack for himself. Then deftly he struck a match on the sole of his upturned shoe and presently we were both blowing clouds of blue smoke towards the ceiling.

"Bill," he said, "I've got a story for you."

I leaned forward and perked my ears like a beagle. Slim was known in every city-room of every newspaper in the country as a *bon teur* of the first water. Anyure writer would gladly give a week's salary and perhaps a bent arm, if necessary, for the elusive privilege of putting on paper one of his yarns. Without exception, his stories had more punch than Dempsey in his prime. So when he greeted me with a simple statement of fact: "I've got a story for you", the old pulse started to beat faster and my fingers itched for the keys of my typewriter.

He evidently noticed my reaction. He smiled broadly and the wrinkles at the corners of his blue eyes became more deeply etched.

"Now, don't get all excited, Bill," he warned. "The chances are that you won't be able to print it anyway."

"Why not, Slim?" I asked, puzzled.

"Let me tell it to you first," he replied, "and then, perhaps, the reason will be obvious."

The whole business (Slim began) started when I was stationed down in Philadelphia covering that Brockton affair. We had just about cleaned everything up when I received a call from the chief in Washington. I got down there that night and went directly to his office.

"Slim," he said, "I've got an idea that some fireworks are getting ready to bust pretty soon."

"What's the dope this time, Chief?" I asked. "Another big tax-evasion case?"

"Nothing as simple as that," he replied, chewing on his black cigar. "However, it should be right up your alley . . . counterfeiting!"

"Somebody else has the smart notion they can make green-backs as good as Uncle Sam, eh? Where'd the tip come from?"

The Chief produced a telegram in code from his desk. "Browne

wired me the vague details this morning. It appears that this gang, whoever they are, are working right here in Washington."

"They've got lots of nerve, at that," I said.

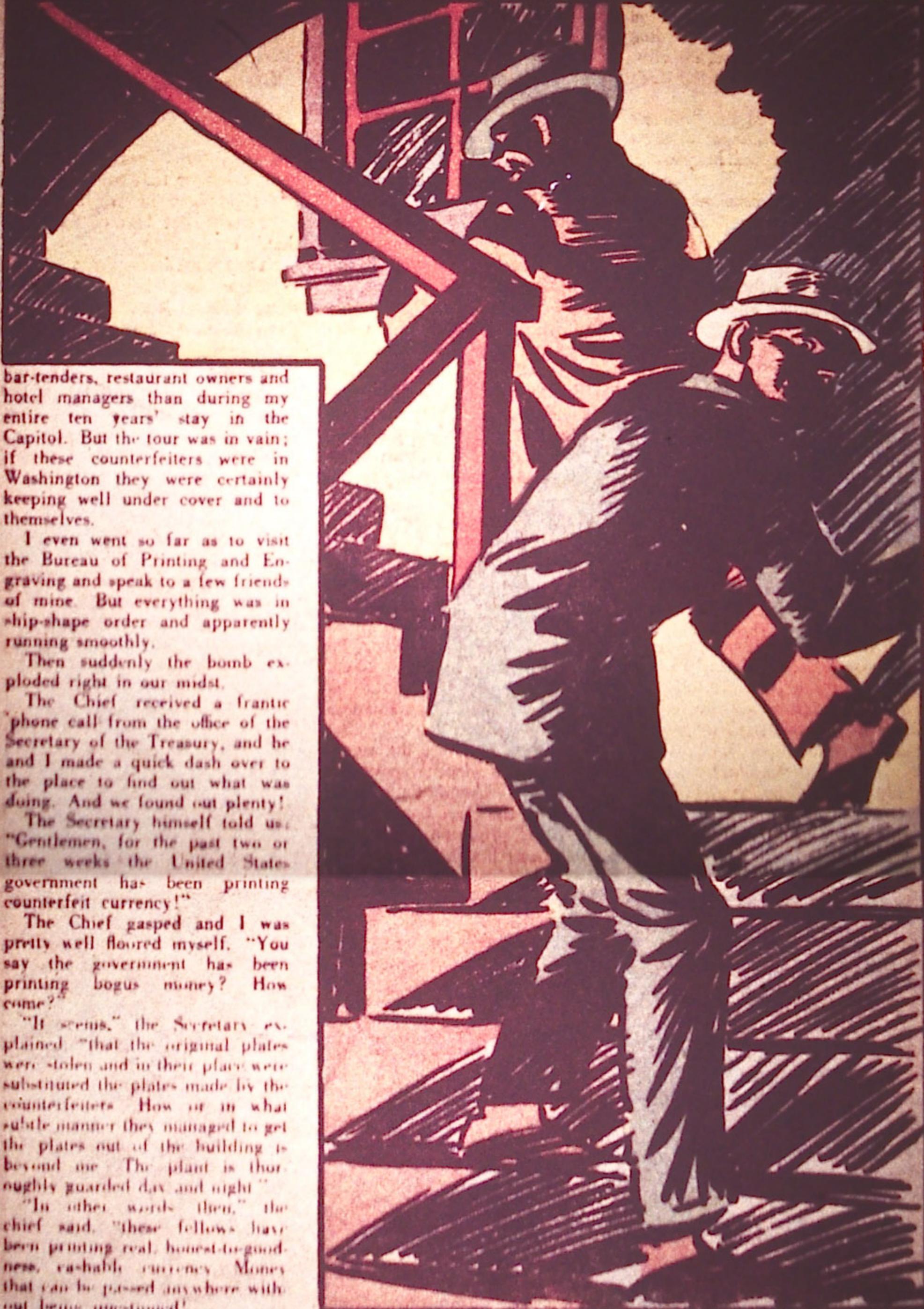
"They must have plenty. That's what leads me to believe that something unusual is going to happen. Even the most smart counterfeitors know enough to stay as far as possible from Washington and work in the large cities throughout the middle-West and on the West coast. But when they have the audacity to operate here in the Capitol, then their plans must call for some very extraordinary tactics."

"What'll our first step be, Chief?" I asked.

"At present we have very little to work on, Slim," the Chief answered. "So I suggest you prowl around the city, visit all the hotels, bars, night-clubs and political associations, and try to glean as much information as possible. We'll have to get something tangible before we can sink our teeth into it."

**D**URING that following week I think I can truthfully state that I paid my respects to more





bar-tenders, restaurant owners and hotel managers than during my entire ten years' stay in the Capitol. But the tour was in vain; if these counterfeiters were in Washington they were certainly keeping well under cover and to themselves.

I even went so far as to visit the Bureau of Printing and Engraving and speak to a few friends of mine. But everything was in ship-shape order and apparently running smoothly.

Then suddenly the bomb exploded right in our midst.

The Chief received a frantic phone call from the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, and he and I made a quick dash over to the place to find out what was doing. And we found out plenty!

The Secretary himself told us: "Gentlemen, for the past two or three weeks the United States government has been printing counterfeit currency!"

The Chief gasped and I was pretty well floored myself. "You say the government has been printing bogus money? How come?"

"It seems," the Secretary explained, "that the original plates were stolen and in their place were substituted the plates made by the counterfeiters. How or in what subtle manner they managed to get the plates out of the building is beyond me. The plant is thoroughly guarded day and night."

"In other words then," the chief said, "these fellows have been printing real, honest-to-goodness, cashable currency. Money that can be passed anywhere without being questioned!"

"That's correct," the Secretary replied. "And the Government, on the other hand, has been flooding the country with counterfeit bills. Quite a complex situation, don't you think?"

The Chief rubbed his chin and pulled out a black cigar to chew on. "It was an inside job, of course?"

"It appears to have been," the Secretary answered. "Last week two of the men in the pressroom handed in their resignations. They were obviously the ones who transplanted the plates. We endeavored to contact them but they seem to have disappeared from the face of the earth."

The Chief turned to me. "Well, Slim, they've finally shown their hand. Now it's up to us to outplay them."

Back in the Chief's office was another coded telegram from Browne up in New York. He was evidently working like a ferret, and in the message he wrote that from all indications the counterfeiters were situated either in Manhattan or across the river in Brooklyn. Still, nothing was definite and he based this assumption on fragments of information and a keen sense of deduction. Browne was a wizard along these lines and you could invariably depend upon his assertions being correct.

"Browne is probably on the right trail," the Chief said, "so you'd better skip up to New York and give him a hand."

I HOPPED aboard a train pulling out of the Union Station late that night and the following morning I was eating breakfast with Browne in his room at the Pennsylvania Hotel.

"These gents are plenty smart, Slim," he said to me over his coffee. "Anyone who can swipe the currency plates out of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving and get away with it has something on the ball and there's no denying it."

"Any further leads on them?" I asked.

Browne lit a cigarette. "I've got two places spotted. One here in Manhattan on the lower west side and the other over in Brooklyn,



down by the East River. I'm not sure, but I think we'll find their plant in either of these places and the only way to be certain is to go take a look."

"When do we start?"

"The sooner the better. Before they suspect we're hot on their trail."

That evening Browne and I took a cab across the Brooklyn Bridge to the City of Churches. The driver, following my friend's directions, wound down through the narrow streets towards the waterfront. A few minutes later Browne ordered the cabby to stop. We got out, paid him off and continued along on foot.

The streets were practically deserted save for an occasional slouched figure that would shuffle by us in the deep gloom. On both sides of the thoroughfare were tall, plain-walled warehouses and coffee-roasting plants. In the distance we could hear the muffled hoots of the tugs and sundry river craft.

We finally halted and Browne pointed out the building. It was evidently a warehouse and it had the same appearance as the other sombre looking structures in the neighborhood.

A small door, that was locked, led to the various offices.

"Guess we'll have to try the back way," suggested Browne.

We walked around the corner to the side of the building and discovered that the freight entrance was open. We stepped in and found ourselves in utter darkness.

Browne played his flash-light around and to our right we saw a long corridor. Directly before us was a stairway that aroused our curiosity.

**S**UDDENLY Browne flicked out the light and placed his hand on my arm. "Hold it, Slim! I just heard a sound."

We paused, and in the stillness I thought I detected a noise not unlike the metallic click of a closing door.

"Unless I'm greatly mistaken, old man," whispered Browne, "this is the place we want. Now here's what I suggest: this hall in front of us winds around the entire floor, so let's split up and make a complete circuit and meet back here in say, five minutes."

"Okay!" I responded, and set off to my left.

It was so dark that I felt as if I was walking through a bottle of black ink. I tightened my right hand around the automatic hanging in my shoulder holster and proceeded slowly, keeping close to the wall. The hallway was absolutely quiet and in a little over a minute's time I reached the end of it where it opened out onto the fire-exit stairway.

I listened carefully, but there wasn't a sound. Then I turned and retraced my steps back to the head of the stairs where I was to meet Browne.

He hadn't returned yet so I leaned against the railing and waited. A minute passed and then another . . . and still one more.

I was beginning to get anxious and when five minutes or so had passed I decided to follow Browne and see what had happened. So off I went down the hall to my right. I reached a turn and edged around it discretely and then advanced along the wall for about twenty-five feet.

At that moment a door closed at the far end of the corridor and I thought I heard the murmur of voices. I drew the automatic from the holster and slipped forward quietly.

As I approached the entrance I saw a thin strip of light beneath the door . . . somebody was in the room on the other side.

**T**HE sound of voices was now quite loud, but I was still unable to distinguish what was being said. So I put my hand on the knob and turned it. The door swung back and opened on a dimly-lighted room with three men standing in the center.

My eyes traveled quickly from the group to a huddled figure lying in the corner. It was Browne, all right, bound hand and foot, adhesive tape over his mouth and out like a light.





They bound me and threw me down beside Browne and one of them was all for doing away with us then and there. The others objected and they decided to put me to sleep for awhile. "We'll use the chloroform gag. That'll give us time to pack our things and hop aboard the Princess of Bermuda that's sailing at midnight tonight."

They propped me up and tied a chloroform-soaked sponge beneath my chin. In fifteen minutes they had the United States currency plates and all their other accessories packed and ready to leave and by that time my head was beginning to spin and my eyes were getting heavy.

"Pleasant dreams, mug!" they sneered, and they closed the door behind them.

I HAD to act quickly before I passed out of the picture altogether.

On a table near the wall was a telephone, but my chances of ever reaching it seemed pretty remote. I had to get the chloroform sponge off my chin and get it off in a hurry . . . . I was getting tired and sleepy.

Over in the opposite corner was a pail filled with water, evidently in case of fire. That seemed like my only chance, so I rolled over on my side and wriggled myself snake-like across the floor. I reached the pail with a hundred splinters pricking my legs and stomach. Then I forced myself up, and taking a deep breath, plunged my

head into the water. I performed this little trick three or four times until I felt fully awake. The water, too, had taken all the strength out of the chloroform-soaked sponge.

Next, I crawled over to the printing press standing in the center of the room and backed myself against the angular, steel leg of the machine. In this position I could work with my hands on each side of the leg and possibly cut the rope binding me.

It seemed as if I moved my arms up and down for a thousand years . . . . and then the rope snapped.

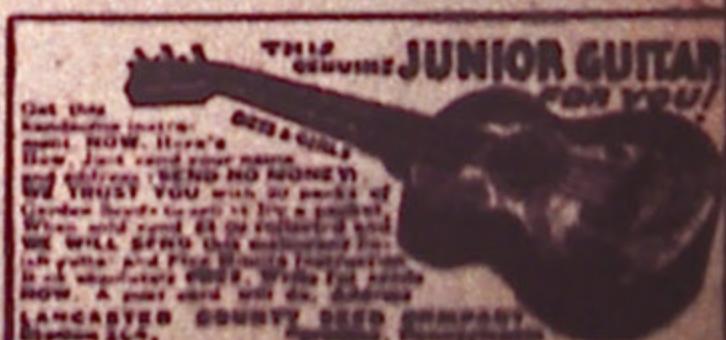
Three minutes later I had Browne untied and was on the 'phone calling police headquarters. They sent a squad car around and Browne and I and the police went spinning over the Manhattan Bridge and up the west side to the Furness Line piers. We arrived ten minutes before the Princess of Bermuda was scheduled to pull out and we had the pleasure of nabbing those four gents just as they were about to climb the gangplank.

\* \* \* \*

"That's the story, Bill," said Slim, flicking his cigarette away, "and perhaps you can see now why I didn't think you'd be able to print it?"

"Definitely," I replied. "Our readers would probably die laughing if they saw a headline in our rag saying: United States Prints Counterfeit Money!"

THE END



The three gents were gathered around a small hand press which one of them was working. "Good evening, fellows," I said, leveling automatic at them.

They wheeled around, cursing. "Another Fed, eh?" one of them snarled.

"Quite correct," I assured them. "And please keep those mitts of yours stretched towards the ceiling or I'll be forced to squeeze this little trigger."

I advanced into the room, but there must have been a fourth counterfeiter standing behind a large cabinet to my left. Something whizzed through the air and cracked me right on the back of the neck. I went down on my knees and the automatic popped from my hand and skipped across the floor.

Then the four of them closed in on me.

With those odds against me I think I did a pretty fair job. Before they had me completely down, I handed two of them a pair of beautiful-looking shinners and had a third gent gasping for air through a blood-covered nose.

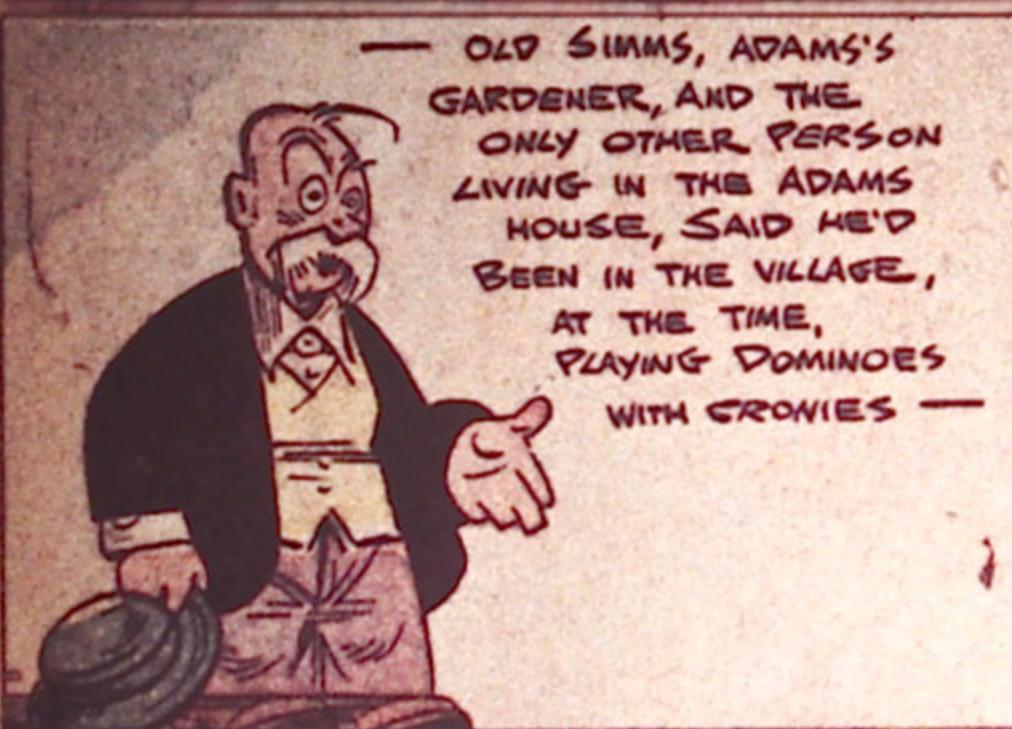
# The ADAMS CASE

BY ALGER

— MRS. WATSON, THE HOUSEKEEPER,  
SAID SHE DISCOVERED  
THE BODY AT  
EIGHT O'CLOCK —



— OLD SIMMS, ADAMS'S  
GARDENER, AND THE  
ONLY OTHER PERSON  
LIVING IN THE ADAMS  
HOUSE, SAID HE'D  
BEEN IN THE VILLAGE,  
AT THE TIME,  
PLAYING DOMINOES  
WITH CRONIES —



— A DELIVERY BOY  
SAID HE SAW  
MR. ADAMS, ALIVE  
AND WELL, AT  
SIX O'CLOCK —



— THE LIFELESS BODY OF OLD JOHN ADAMS  
WAS FOUND IN HIS STUDY ON THE NIGHT OF  
DECEMBER TENTH —



WOT IS  
IT,  
MISSUS  
WATSON  
?

— SHE HAD NOTIFIED  
THE POLICE AT  
5 MINUTES PAST  
EIGHT —

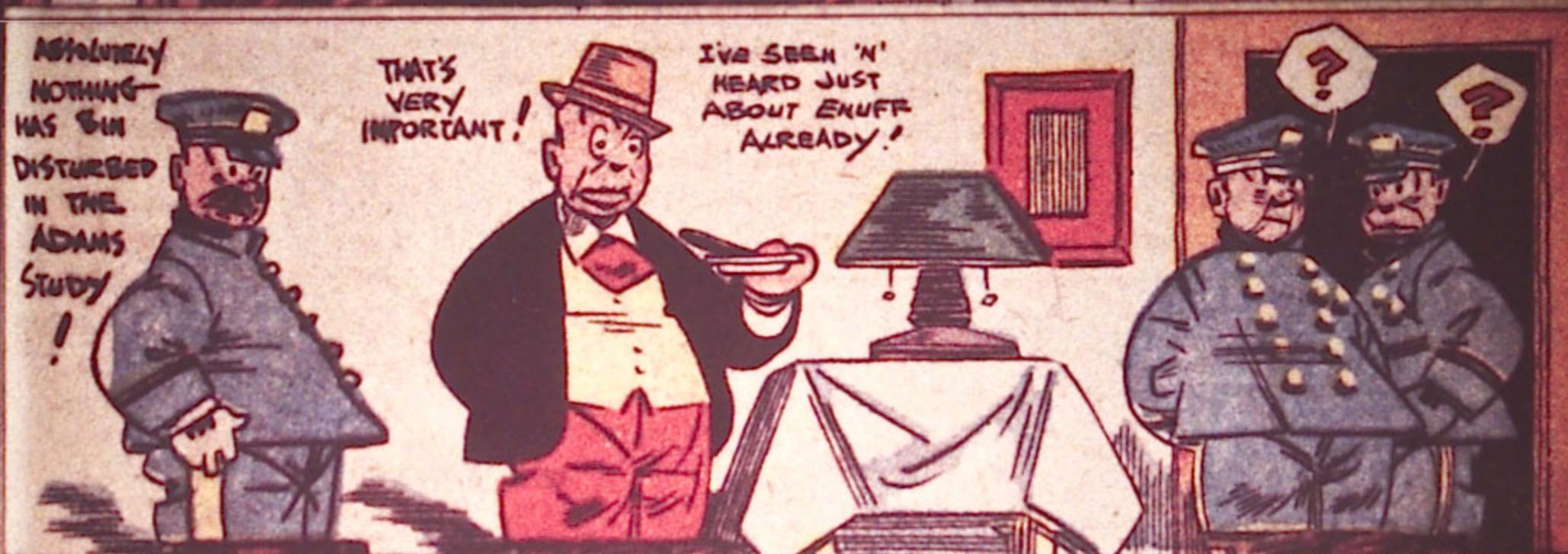
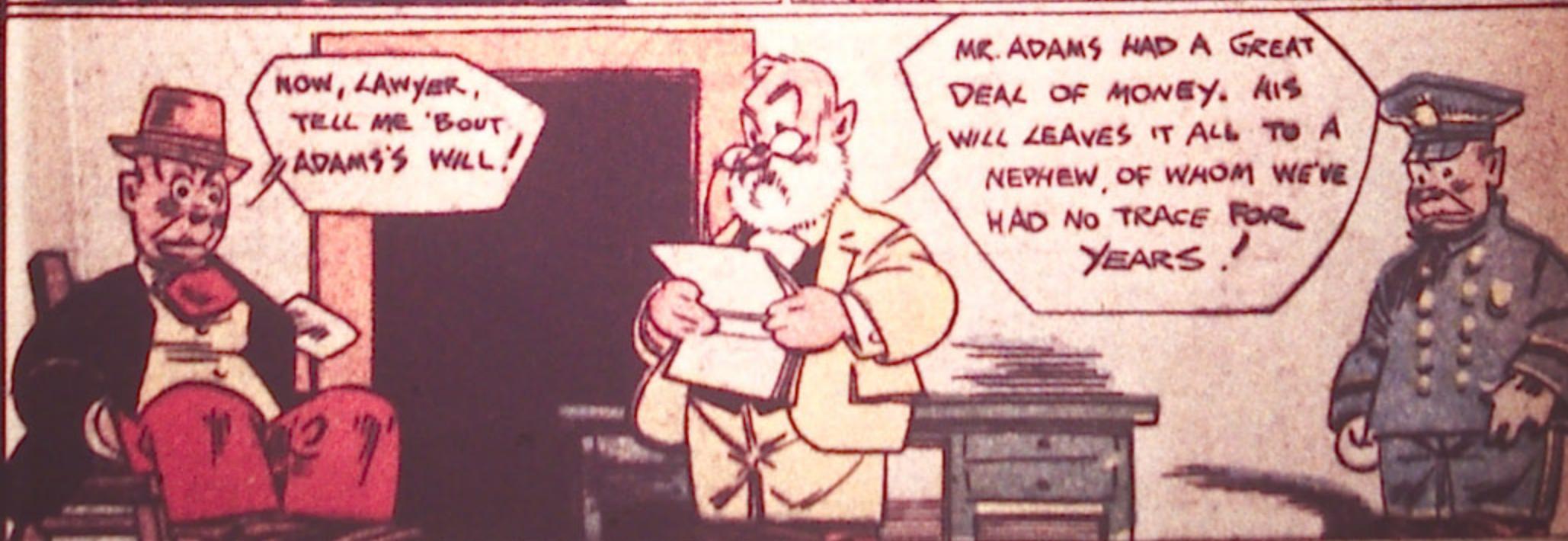
— AND SIMMS' CRONIES  
ALL SAID THE  
SAME —

THEN WE  
HEARD  
'BOUT  
ADAMS  
!!  
SIMMS  
PLAYED  
DOMINOES  
WITH US  
FM SIX  
TILL  
EIGHT -  
THIRTY -



— MRS. WATSON SAID SHE WAS AT  
A NEIGHBOR'S, MRS. TOOMEY'S, VISITING  
FROM SEVEN TO  
EIGHT - AFTER  
GETTING MR.  
ADAMS'S SUPPER  
AND THEN, REACHING  
HOME, SHE MADE  
THE DISCOVERY —



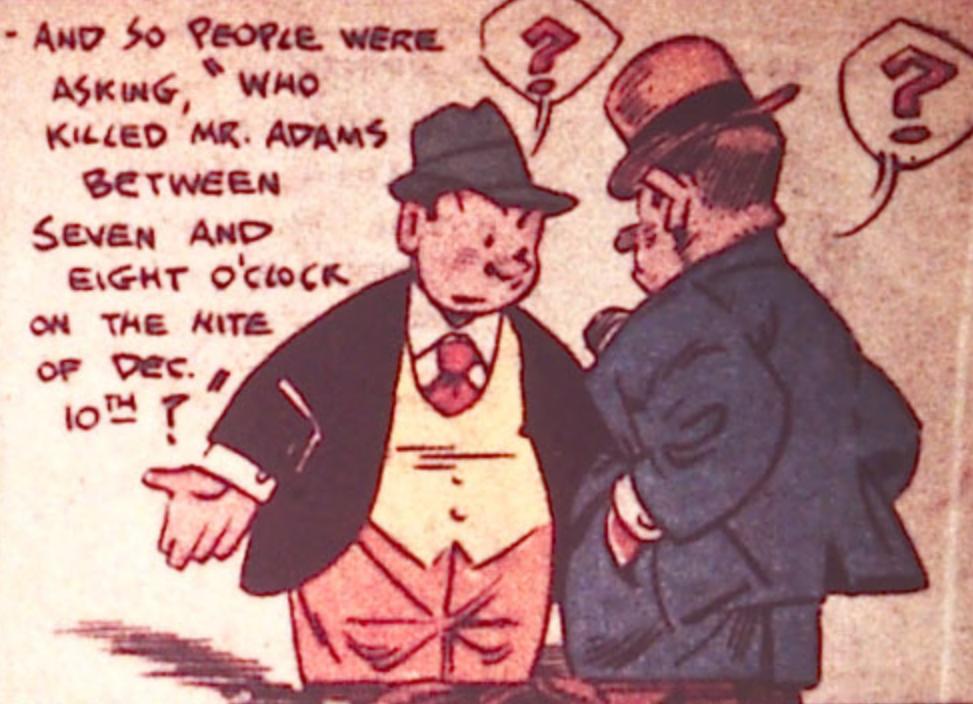


- UNCLE JOE SPARKS SAID MRS. WATSON PHONED HIM AT HIS STORE AT SIX- FORTY- FIVE ABOUT GROCERIES - AND DURING THE CONVERSATION STOPPED AND TALKED TO MR. ADAMS ABOUT AN ITEM ON HER GROCERY LIST !

SHE PHONED ME AT 6:45 !!



- AND SO PEOPLE WERE ASKING, " WHO KILLED MR. ADAMS BETWEEN SEVEN AND EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NITE OF DEC. 10<sup>TH</sup> ?



SIMMS, OL' BEAN, MR. ADAMS SMOKED FINE CIGARS, DIDN'T HE ! AND ONE OF HIS SAYINGS WAS, " NEVER LET A GOOD CIGAR GO OUT ! " ?



RIGHT YOU ARE, SIR ! I'VE HEARD HIM SAY IT, MANY'S THE TIME !!



NO LOVE WAS LOST BETWEEN JOHN ADAMS AND HIS NEPHEW, HENRY ADAMS ! HENRY WAS A ROTTED ! YET HENRY WAS JOHN'S ONLY BLOOD RELATION AND PRIDE OF FAMILY DROVE JOHN TO WILL THE NEER-DO- WELL HIS ALL !



JOHN HAD LOST TRACE O' HENRY BUT HANK HADN'T LOST TRACE O' JOHN. I ASSURE YOU !



THE FACT IS ADAMS WAS DEAD BEFORE SEVEN O'CLOCK !

MRS. WATSON, PHONING GROCER SPARKS, STOPPED 'N' ASKED ADAMS A QUESTION - BUT ADAMS DIDN'T ANSWER -



- FOR A VERY GOOD REASON !! AND IT WAS CLEVER TO GET SPARKS THUS TO OFFER, VOLUNTARILY AND INNOCENTLY, AN ALIBI COVERING THE HOUR OF SIX- FORTY- FIVE !

Y KNOW - I SAID THAT ALL ALONG !!



THINGS MOVED TO A RAPID CONCLUSION -  
ONE-CLUE McCARTY CAUSED  
HENRY ADAMS' ARREST  
IN MEXICO, FROM WHERE  
HE'D KEPT UP AN  
UNDER-COVER  
CORRESPONDENCE  
WITH MRS. WATSON -



ADAMS, WE'RE GIVIN'  
YOU TILL THE FIRST O'  
TH' YEAR  
T' PAY!!

HENRY ADAMS,  
DESPERATELY  
INVOLVED  
FINANCIALLY,  
MOVED TO GET  
HIS UNCLE'S  
ESTATE !

AW RITE!



WHAT, PEOPLE WANTED  
TO KNOW,  
HAD BEEN ONE-  
CLUE McCARTY'S  
ONE CLUE  
THIS TIME ?



JOHN ADAMS SUPPED  
AT 6:15 AS USUAL AND  
AT 6:35 LIT HIS  
CIGAR !!

ADAMS ALWAYS SMOKED HIS  
CIGAR STEADILY TO THE  
FINISH! THE CIGAR I  
FOUND HAD ONLY A  
QUARTER-INCH OF ASH  
ON IT - MRS. WATSON DID  
HIM IN JUST BEFORE  
'PINNING SPARKS'.



ADAMS WAS GOING  
TO APPEAR AND CLAIM  
THE ESTATE - MRS.  
WATSON WAS TO HAVE  
TWENTY-FIVE GRAND  
FOR HER TROUBLE !

G'BYE  
!



# SPY

SIEGEL and SHUSTER

WHEN OUR WORK WAS COMPLETED ON THE LINER COLOSSUS, WE RECEIVED A CODE WIRE INSTRUCTING US TO GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU!

YES. -- THERE IS A CERTAIN DELICATE MATTER WHICH MUST BE ATTENDED TO, AND WE FEEL YOU COULD BEST HANDLE IT!

UPON THEIR FIRST DAY IN PARIS, SALLY AND BART CONTACT U.S. SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS

A HABITUE OF THE NOTORIOUS UNDER-WORLD DIVE, THE RUE MOLIN, NAMED RENE' D'ARNOT, IS SUSPECTED OF BEING A PAID ASSASSIN OF INTER-NATIONAL GANGSTERS, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF MANY AMERICAN DIPLOMATS. -- THIS MAN MUST NOT LIVE TO CARRY ON HIS REIGN OF TERROR!

THAT EVENING... DISGUISED AS APACHES, BART AND SALLY VENTURE WITHIN THE VILLAINOUS RUE MOLIN...

UGH! -- WHAT A FILTHY PLACE!

QUIET! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AN APACHE NOT A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER!



5.  
SHORTLY AFTER BART AND SALLY HAVE SEATED THEMSELVES, THERE IS A HOARSE SHOUT, THEN SCUFFLING AT A NEARBY TABLE . . .

DUG! NO ONE CAN CALL RENE' D'ARNOT A CHEATER AT CARDS!

THERE'S OUR MAN!

NICE GUY, ISN'T HE?

6.  
THE PATRONS OF THE RUE MOLIN, PAY SCARCELY ANY ATTENTION TO THE BRAWL. D'ARNOT'S UNCONSCIOUS VICTIM IS CARRIED AWAY -- FIVE MINUTES LATER, TWO STATELY MEN STROLL BY D'ARNOT, GIVE HIM A QUICK NOD, THEN CONTINUE ON.

7.  
THIS MAY BE THE LUCKY BREAK WE'VE BEEN PRAYING FOR!

YOU WAIT HERE A FEW MINUTES, WHILE I INVESTIGATE

LOOK! THEY'RE GOING INTO A BACK ROOM!

AND D'ARNOT IS FOLLOWING THEM!

BUT AS SALLY ATTEMPTS TO EAVESDROP UPON D'ARNOT, THE DOOR IS SUDDENLY JERKED OPEN BEFORE HER FACE!

AS I THOUGHT, GENTLEMEN! -- I TOLD YOU SOME ONE WAS AT THE DOOR!

STEP IN! AND NOT A WORD OUT OF YOU!

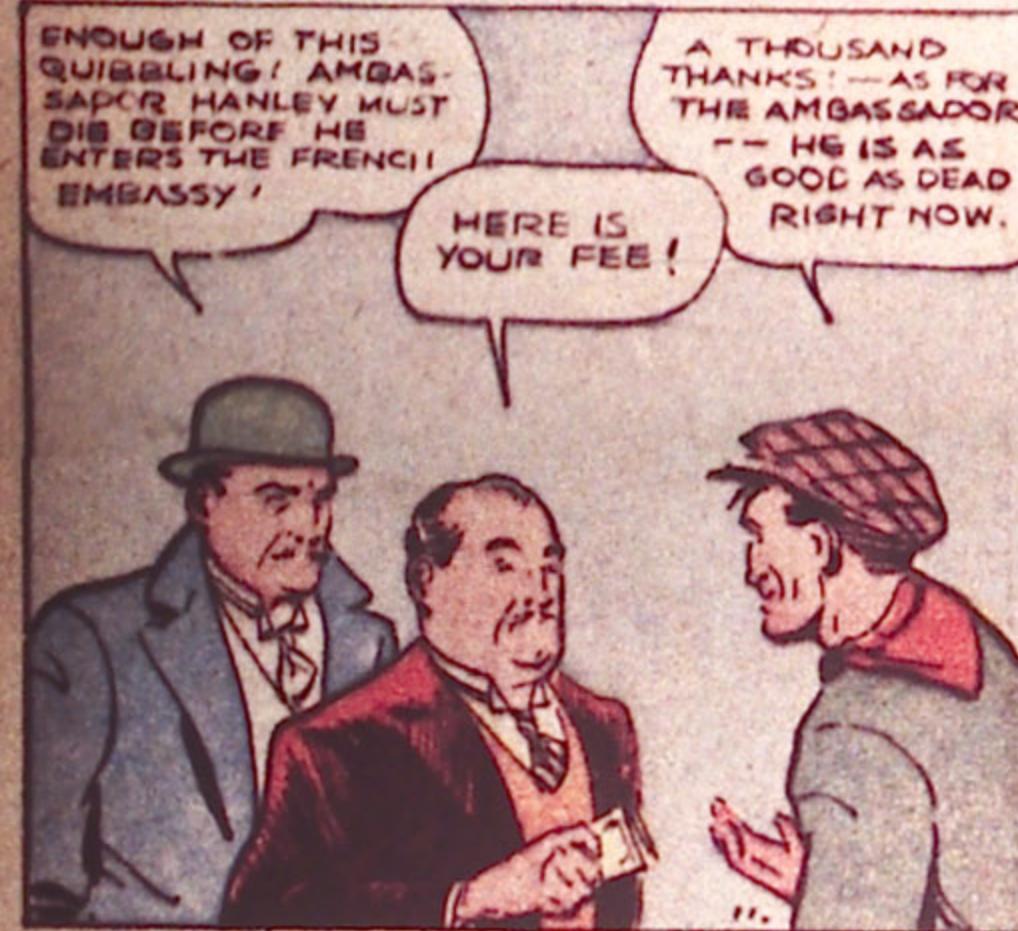
SPEAK QUICKLY!  
WHAT WERE  
YOU DOING AT  
THE DOOR?

I SAW RENE' WIN  
THAT BRAWL! HE WAS  
BRUTAL-- BUT  
SUPERB! I JUST  
HAD TO MEET HIM!



10  
NO, NO -- YOU  
UNDERESTIMATE MY  
CHARMS! IF MON  
CHERI HAS FALLEN  
MADLY IN LOVE WITH  
ME, WELL THAT IS  
ONLY NATURAL!

SHE'S  
LYING!



A THOUSAND  
THANKS! -- AS FOR  
THE AMBASSADOR  
-- HE IS AS  
GOOD AS DEAD  
RIGHT NOW.



AS SALLY  
DEPARTS  
WITH D'ARNOT,  
SHE NOTES  
WITH TERROR  
THAT BART  
IS NOT  
IN SIGHT!

HA! HA! --  
CAN YOU IMAGINE  
YOUR FRIENDS  
MISTAKING ME FOR  
A POLICE SPY?

HA! HA! -- AN' IF IT  
WERE TRUE, I WOULD  
SLIT YOUR THROAT  
LIKE THAT!

SNAP



LATER -- OUTSIDE THE FRENCH EMBASSY

M-MAYBE HANLEY  
WON'T SHOW UP!  
L-LET'S GO!

BE PATIENT, MY  
PRETTY ONE! OR I'LL  
KILL YOU INSTEAD



5

BUT THE AMBASSADOR WHIRLS,  
DODGES, AND FIRES DIRECTLY  
AT THE ONRUSHING APACHE!

SORRY. --  
I DON'T ACCEPT  
GIFTS FROM  
STRANGERS!

YA-A-A!



14

SUDDENLY A CAR BEARING THE  
INSIGNIA OF THE AMERICAN COUNCIL  
DRAWS TO THE CURB. AS AN  
AMBASSADOR EMERGES AND BEGINS  
TO CLIMB THE STAIRS OF THE EM-  
BASSY, RENE' LEAPS FORWARD,  
KNIFE DRAWN!



AS GENDARMES DASH UP, THE "AMBAS-  
SADOR" REMOVES HIS BEARD AND GLASSES.  
REVEALING HIS TRUE IDENTITY . . .

BART!

I OVERHEARD THAT CONVERSA-  
TION WHEN YOU WERE CAP-  
TURED, AND INFORMED HANLEY  
OF HIS DANGER. HE PERMITTED  
ME TO TAKE HIS PLACE. --  
D'ARNOT WILL NO LONGER  
ATTEMPT ANY ASSASSINATIONS!



# COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN



THEY SEEM TO STAND BETTER THAN A FAIR CHANCE TO SWEEP THE BALLOT---

DORAN, THOUGH, HAS THE MONEY BEHIND HIM---



IN A SMALL, EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANT IN NEW YORK CITY, COSMO IS HAVING LUNCH WITH ONE COLONEL JEFFERSON TOWNE, WEALTHY PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE NEWSPAPER.

OUT OF MY WAY -- WHERE'S THAT BIG LOUD-TRAP OF A -- OH! THERE HE IS --



A WILD-EYED MAN SUDDENLY BURSTS INTO THE ROOM, AND SEEING THE PUBLISHER, MAKES FOR HIS TABLE.

I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE, THOUGH -- WHY? -- WHAT'S THIS ???

SAY, YOU' -- WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY PRINTING YOUR DIRTY DIGS AT ME IN YOUR CHEAP TRASH-PAPER, YOU --



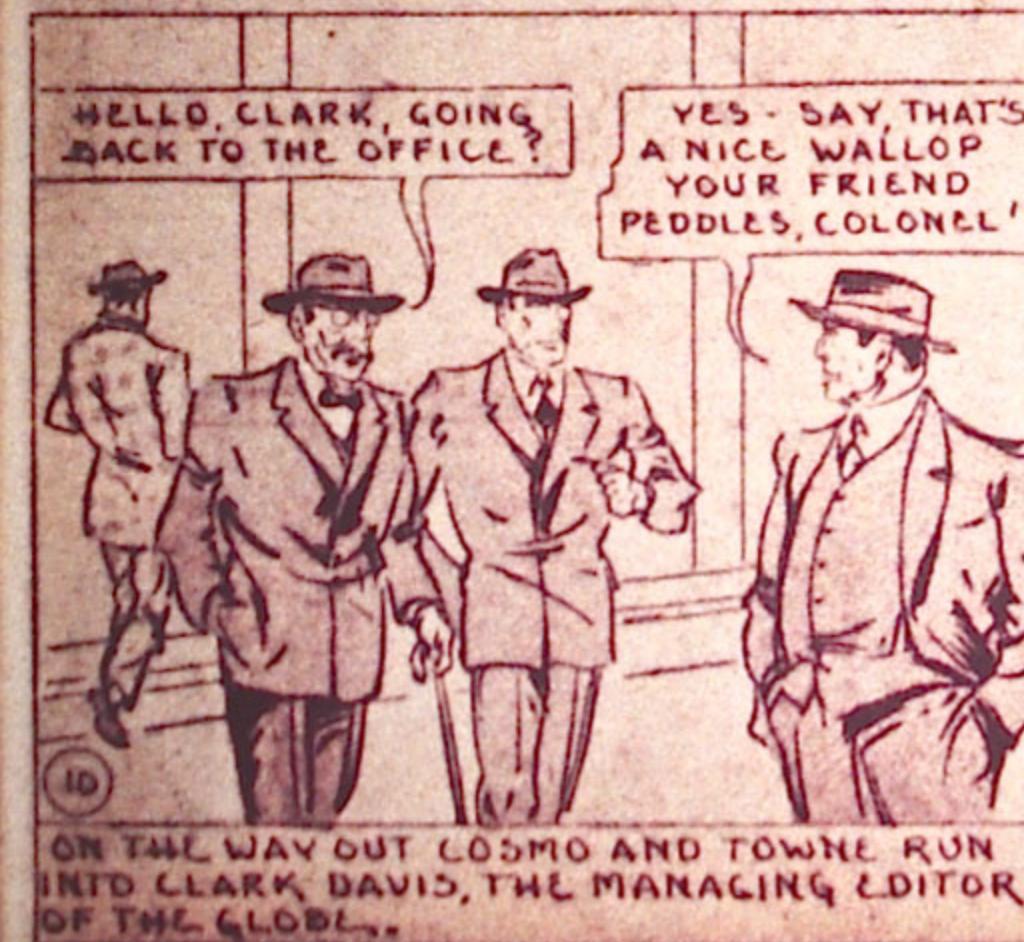
WHO ARE YOU? -- AND WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? OH! YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, ALRIGHT --



I'M HENRY BRADDOCK, RUNNING FOR COUNCIL-MAN. YOUR LIBELOUS STATEMENTS ABOUT ME IN YOUR DAILY RAG IS CRIMPING MY CHANCES FOR BEING ELECTED. I WANT IT STOPPED --

I'M SORRY, MY DEAR BRADDOCK -- BUT I PRINT ONLY SUCH NEWS AND ARTICLES THAT ARE TRUE --





12  
COSMO, DROP INTO  
MY OFFICE AS SOON  
AS YOU CAN.  
I WANT TO  
SHOW YOU  
SOMETHING.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER COSMO RECEIVES  
A PHONE CALL FROM TOWNE.

13  
I'M GLAD YOU CAME,  
COSMO; READ THESE  
NOTES -- THIS IS ONE  
I JUST RECEIVED.

14  
IF YOU DON'T STOP  
PRINTING YOUR ART-  
ICLES ABOUT HENRY  
BRADDOCK YOU  
AND YOUR PLANT  
WILL COME TO  
HARM.  
SIGNED  
XOX

15  
NOT EXACTLY A  
FAN LETTER, IS IT.  
WHAT DO YOU IN-  
TEND TO DO?

16  
I INTEND TO CONTINUE  
MY ARTICLES, THIS IS  
NOT THE FIRST TIME I'VE  
BEEN THREATENED --  
THIS PAPER IS BEING  
PRINTED IN THE IN-  
TEREST OF THE  
PEOPLE WHO  
BUY IT!

17  
SIR, ONE OF THE BIG PRESSES HAS  
BEEN TAMPERED WITH BY SOME  
ONE AND IS  
UNABLE TO  
OPERATE.

18  
GET ALL THE MEN  
YOU NEED, WILLIAMS,  
AND GET IT GO-  
ING, WE'LL PUT  
OUT A SPECIAL  
EDITION.

19  
WHOEVER IT IS  
HASN'T LOST  
ANY TIME.

BRADDOCK MUST  
BE AN IDIOT TO  
DO A THING  
LIKE THIS.

EXTRA! EXTRA!  
GLOBE EXPOSES NEW  
PLOT OF BRADDOCK'S  
ALLIES!

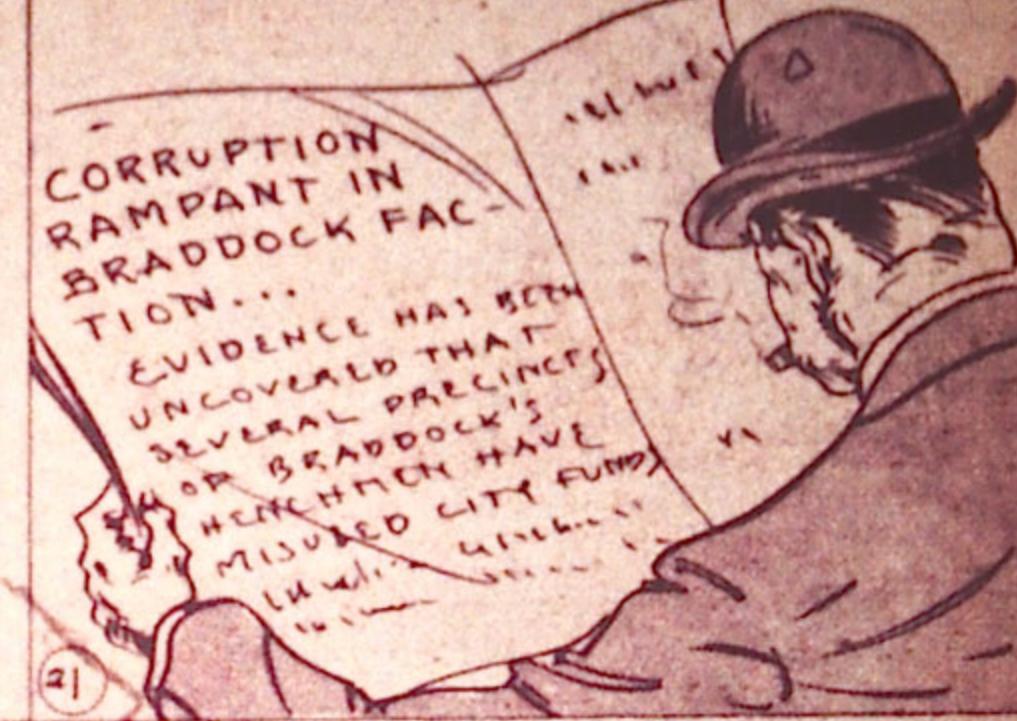


20  
TOWNE, HOWEVER, CONTINUES HIS EXPOSURES OF CORRUPT POLITICS IN THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

CORRUPTION  
RAMPANT IN  
BRADDOCK FAC-  
TION...

EVIDENCE HAS BEEN  
UNCOVERED THAT  
SEVERAL PRECINCTS  
IN OR BRADDOCK'S  
WICHITON HAVE  
MISUSED CITY FUNDS

21



AH! CUT YOUR  
SQUALLING, KID  
OR YOU'LL GET  
SMACKED TOO!



22  
SOME UNKNOWN POWER PRESSES IT'S AT-  
TACK ON THE GLOBE, AS --



23  
PAPERS ARE DESTROYED, NEWS-STANDS  
OVERTURNED AND OTHER ATROCITIES  
COMMITTED.

ATTA BOY, REDDICK,  
GIVE HIM THE  
WORKS -- BURN  
THE TRUCK, GUYS,  
THEY'LL THINK IT  
CAUGHT FIRE



24  
THINGS COME TO A CLIMAX AS ONE OF THE GLOBE'S  
TRUCK-DRIVERS IS BRUTALLY BEATEN TO DEATH  
WHEN TRYING TO DEFEND HIS TRUCKLOAD OF PAPERS.

RUSH DOWN TO MY  
OFFICE AS SOON AS  
YOU CAN, COSMO --

ALL RIGHT  
TOWNE, I'LL BE  
RIGHT  
THERE!



I'LL TAKE A JOB IN YOUR  
PRESS-ROOM AND SEE WHAT  
I CAN DISCOVER.



26



27

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT COSMO GOES TO  
THE PRESS-ROOM, DRESSED AS A PRINTER.



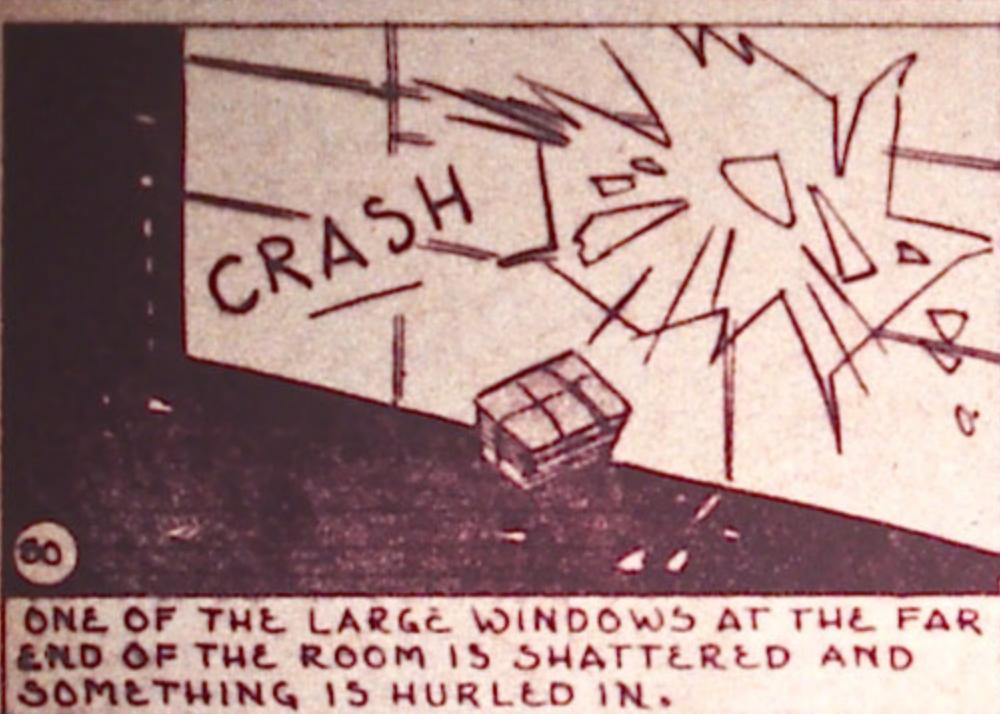
28

THE PLATES ARE MADE FOR THE NEXT  
MORNING'S EDITION.



29

SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS IN THE PLANT FLICKER AND GO OUT.



30

ONE OF THE LARGE WINDOWS AT THE FAR  
END OF THE ROOM IS SHATTERED AND  
SOMETHING IS HURLED IN.



31

COSMO DASHES FORWARD WITH A FLASH-LIGHT AND SNATCHES UP THE OBJECT,  
A SMALL BOX.



32

COSMO THEN LEAPS FOR THE DOOR AND  
SEES A CAR START AWAY FROM THE CURB.

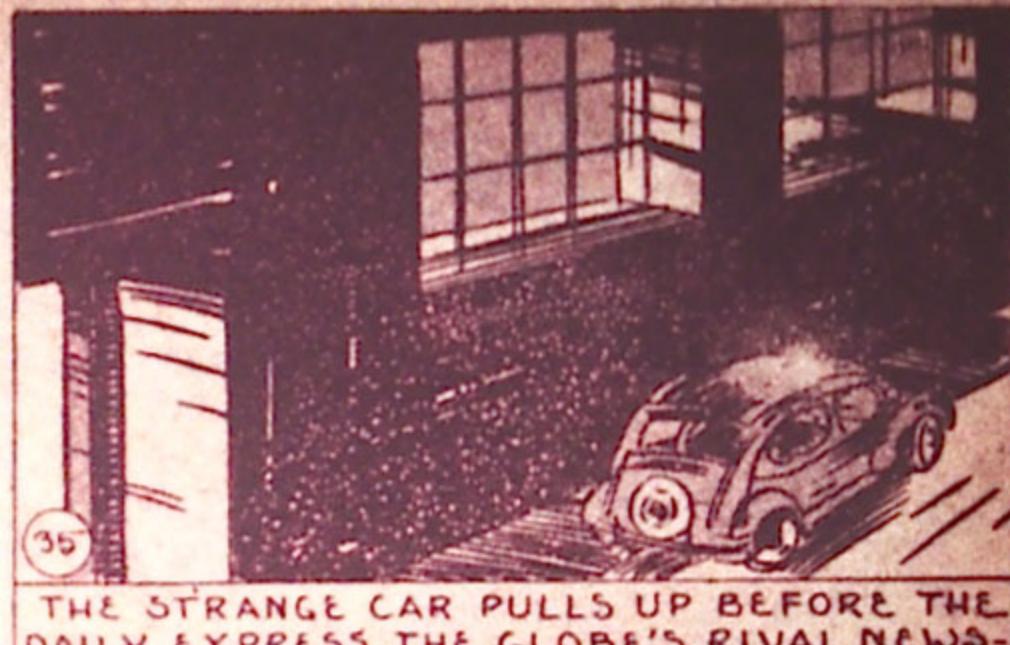


33

COSMO JUMPS INTO HIS OWN CAR AND GIVES CHASE.



34  
THROUGH THE STREETS THE OTHER CAR RACES, UNAWARE IT IS BEING TRAILED.



35  
THE STRANGE CAR PULLS UP BEFORE THE DAILY EXPRESS, THE GLOBE'S RIVAL NEWSPAPER.



36  
COSMO STOPS HIS CAR ACROSS THE DARK STREET AND SEES TWO MEN GET OUT OF THE FIRST CAR AND ENTER THE OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER.



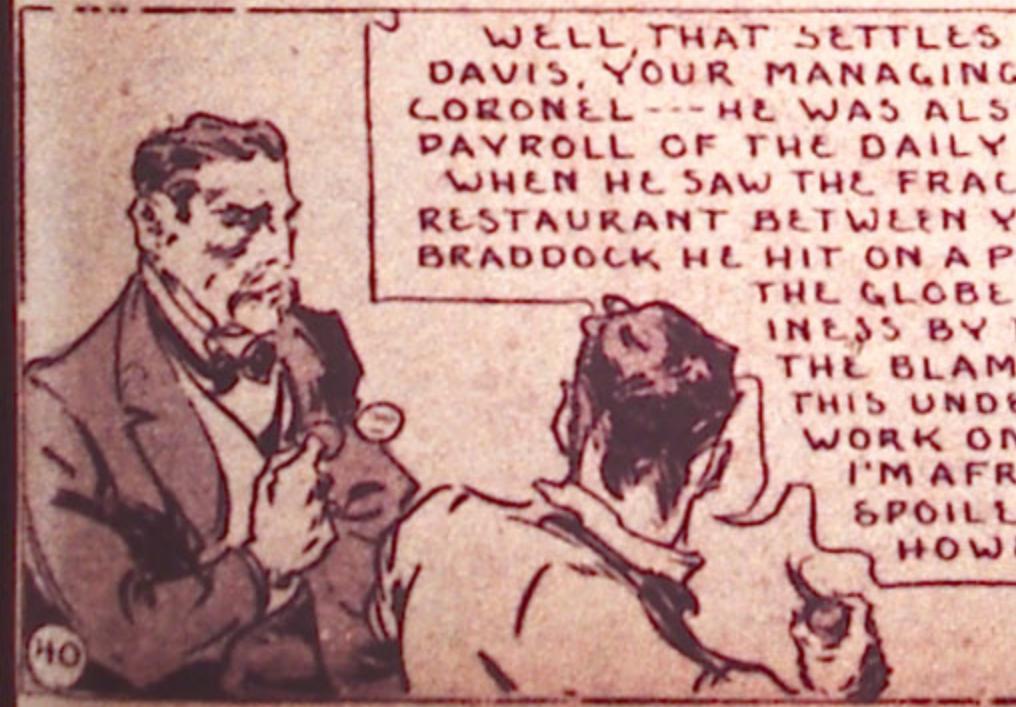
37  
A MOMENT LATER COSMO BARKS OUT A COMMAND AND COVERS THE GROUP WITH HIS GUN.



38  
HELLO! HEADQUARTERS?  
BRING YOUR SQUAD DOWN  
TO THE DAILY EXPRESS--  
THERE'S THREE  
GENTLEMEN  
HERE I WANT  
YOU TO TAKE  
CARE OF.



39  
TOWNE? I'VE  
GOT YOUR MEN,  
COME TO THE  
DAILY EXPRESS.  
I JUST SENT  
FOR THE PO-  
LICE.



40  
WELL, THAT SETTLES CLARK  
DAVIS, YOUR MANAGING EDITOR,  
CORONEL--HE WAS ALSO ON THE  
PAYROLL OF THE DAILY EXPRESS.  
WHEN HE SAW THE FRACAS IN THE  
RESTAURANT BETWEEN YOU AND  
BRADDOCK HE HIT ON A PLAN TO PUT  
THE GLOBE OUT OF BUS-  
INESS BY THROWING  
THE BLAME FOR ALL  
THIS UNDERHAND  
WORK ON BRADDOCK.  
I'M AFRAID I'VE  
SPOILED IT ALL,  
HOWEVER.



JEROME  
SIEGEL  
and JOE  
SHUSTER

# SLAM BRADLEY

LOOK OUT,  
SHORTY! THAT  
TREE -- IT'S  
FALLING!

UPON LEAVING THEIR TRAIN, SLAM AND SHORTY LEARN THAT IN ORDER TO REACH THE DELMAR LOGGING CAMP, THEY MUST FIRST WALK A DISTANCE OF TWO MILES. FOR MINUTES THEY STROLL JAUNTILY THRU THE WOODS UNTIL SLAM SUDDENLY SHOUTS A WARNING TO HIS PARTNER-PAL!

SLAM GIVES  
SHORTY A  
DESPERATE  
SHOVE, THEN  
LEAPS AFTER  
HIM!

A SPLIT-SECOND  
LATER, THE  
GIANT TREE  
SMASHES DOWN  
A FEW SCANT  
INCHES FROM  
THEM!



WHEW! BOY, ARE  
WE LUCKY THAT I HAD  
MY EYES OPEN! AN-  
OTHER INCH AND...  
SAY! WHY DOES EVERY-  
THING HAVE TO  
HAPPEN TO US?

THAT TREE DIDN'T  
TOPPLE BY ACCIDENT,  
SHORTY! LOOK AT  
THE AX-MARKS!  
--DO YOU  
SUPPOSE...?

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, A BULKY FIGURE  
HASTILY DEPARTS, SWEARING SOFTLY  
TO HIMSELF

I FAILED! BUT  
NEX' TIME!...



WHEN SHORTY  
AND SLAM  
REACH THE  
LUMBER-CAMP,  
THEY  
IMMEDIATELY  
CONTACT THE  
FOREMAN,  
MILES HOGARTH

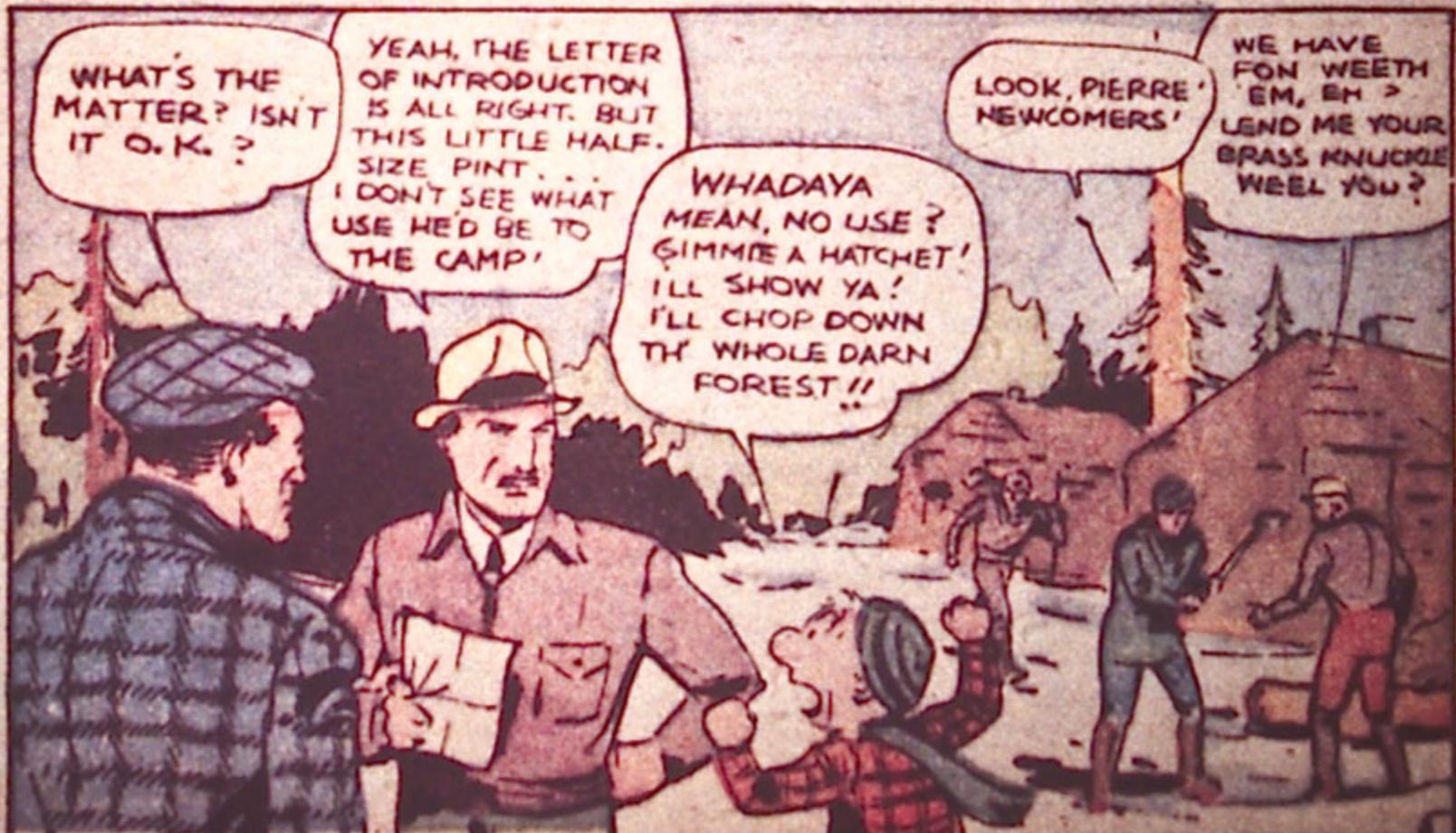
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER? ISN'T  
IT O. K.?

YEAH, THE LETTER  
OF INTRODUCTION  
IS ALL RIGHT. BUT  
THIS LITTLE HALF-  
SIZE PINT...  
I DON'T SEE WHAT  
USE HE'D BE TO  
THE CAMP!

LOOK, PIERRE  
NEWCOMERS'

WE HAVE  
FON WEETH  
'EM, EH?  
LEND ME YOUR  
BRASS KNUCKLE  
WEEL YOU?

WHADAYA  
MEAN, NO USE?  
GIMMIE A HATCHET!  
I'LL SHOW YA!  
I'LL CHOP DOWN  
TH' WHOLE DARN  
FOREST!!







PIERRE  
WILL KILL  
HIM !!

NO HE WON'T!  
--NOT SLAM  
BRADLEY!  
SEE!

INSTEAD OF RETREATING BEFORE  
PIERRE'S ATTACK, SLAM LAUNCHES  
HIMSELF THRU THE AIR AND BRINGS  
THE WOODSMAN DOWN WITH A  
SUPERB FLYING-TACKLE!



SNATCHING HIS OPPONENT OFF THE  
GROUND, SLAM RAISES HIM HIGH OVER-  
HEAD!

YOU'RE A TRIFLE  
HOT-HEADED, MY  
FRIEND! WHAT YOU  
NEED IS A LITTLE  
COOLING-OFF!

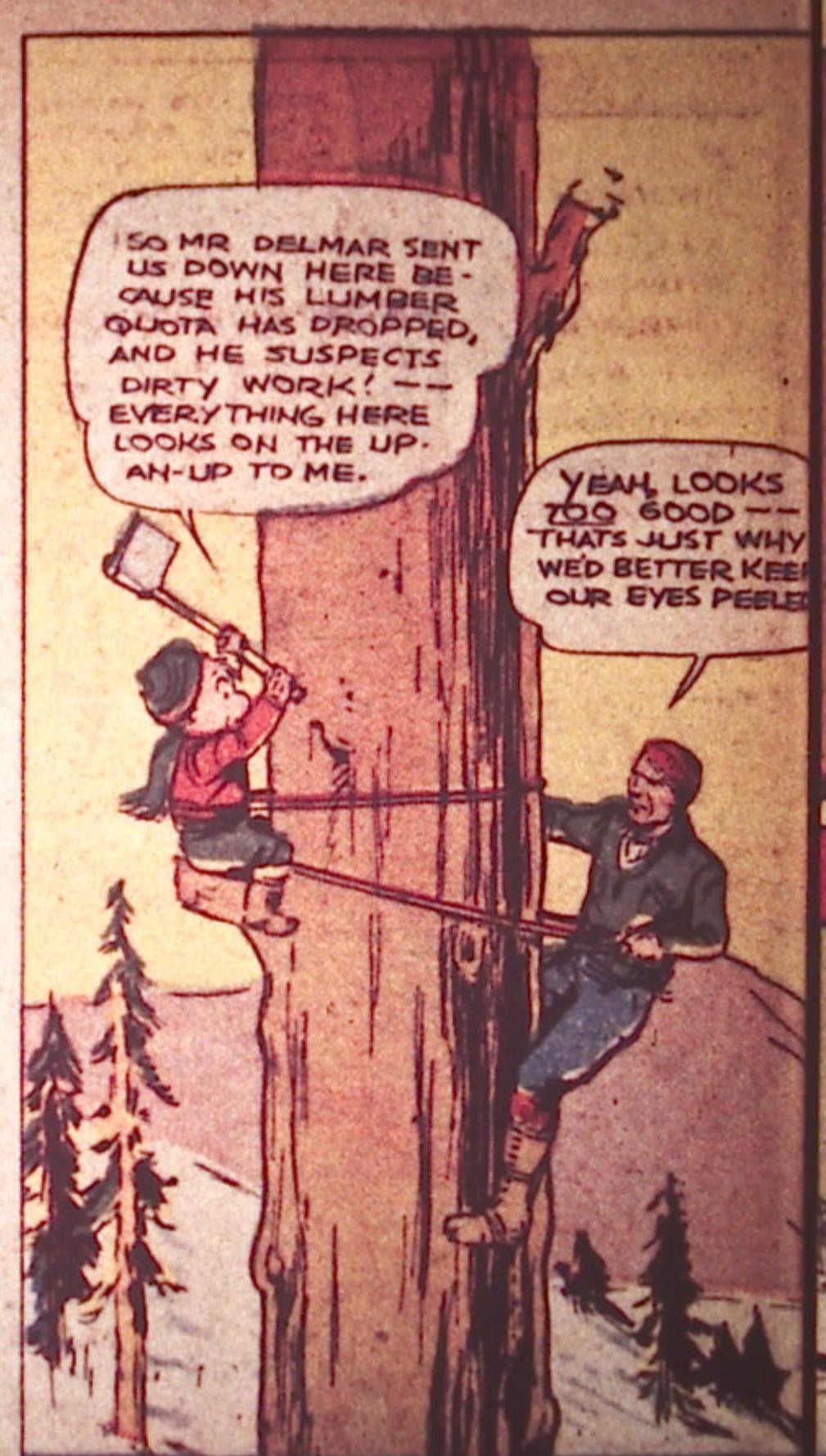


KERPLUNK! -- PIERRE LANDS WITH A  
TERRIFIC SPLASH IN THE ICY RIVER!

YOU LAUGH! --  
BUT PIERRE EES  
NOT FEENISH WEETH  
YOU! -- SO YOU  
SHALL SEE!



THE BATTLE BETWEEN SLAM AND PIERRE CONCLUDED, LIFE IN THE LOGGING CAMP RESUMES ITS NORMAL PATTERN. AXES FLY, SAWS SCRAPP, MEN SHINNY UP ROUGH BARK TOWARD THE CLOUDS -- MIGHTY COLOSSUSSES OF THE FOREST TUMBLE IGNOMINIOUSLY BEFORE THE ATTACK OF THEIR SMALL, BUT VIRULENT ENEMIES.



SO MR. DELMAR SENT US DOWN HERE BECAUSE HIS LUMBER QUOTA HAS DROPPED, AND HE SUSPECTS DIRTY WORK! -- EVERYTHING HERE LOOKS ON THE UP-AN-UP TO ME.

YEAH, LOOKS TOO GOOD -- THAT'S JUST WHY WE'D BETTER KEE OUR EYES PEELED

BUSY BUT OTHERWISE TRANQUIL WEEKS PASS, THEN --

-- PIERRE BRINGS STARTLING NEWS TO FOREMAN HOGARTH.

TH' TRAIN --  
SHE EES DERAILED,  
AN' ALL TH' LOGS  
... SCATTERED!

WHAT? AGAIN!  
-- GET ALL THE  
MEN TOGETHER,  
AT ONCE!



SHORTLY  
LATER,  
WHEN ALL THE  
LUMBERMEN  
HAVE BEEN  
SUMMONED  
BEFORE  
HOGARTH--

MEN, IT'S HAPPENED  
AGAIN! DISASTER, WHICH  
MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE  
BEEN ACCIDENTAL!  
--- FOLLOW ME,  
ALL OF YOU!

WHAT'S UP,  
PIERRE?

TH' TRAIN  
WRECKED  
AGAIN!

THE MEN MARCH OFF IN A BODY TO  
THE SCENE OF THE DERAILING!

JUST AS I THOUGHT:  
THE TRACKS HAVE  
BEEN TAMPERED  
WITH!

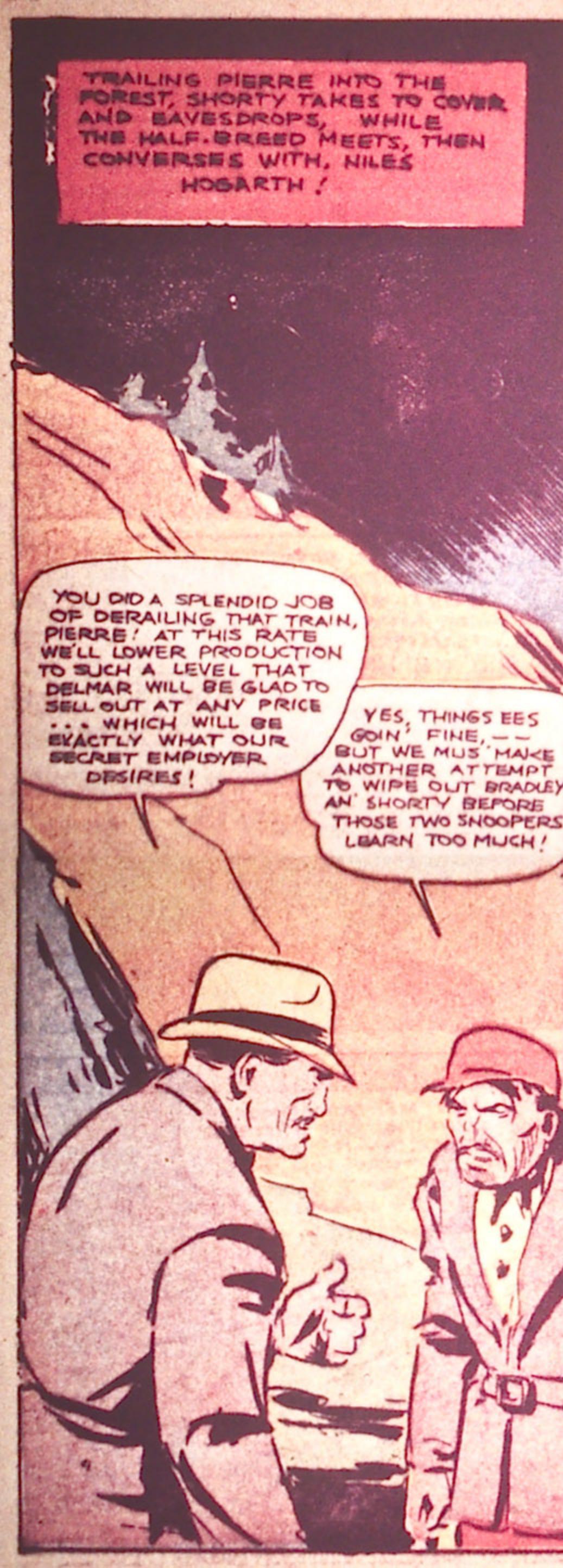
RETURN TO WORK, EVERY-  
ONE. BUT KEEP YOUR  
EYES OPEN, AND IF YOU  
SEE ANYONE ACTING  
SUSPICIOUSLY LET  
ME KNOW!

SHORTY PLAYS A HUNCH.

HM-M! SOMEONE'S  
SLIPPING OFF INTO THE  
WOODS! --- IT'S PIERRE!  
--- I'LL TRAIL HIM, THEN  
REPORT BACK  
TO SLAM!

TRAILING PIERRE INTO THE FOREST, SHORTY TAKES TO COVER AND BAVESDROPS, WHILE THE HALF-BREED MEETS, THEN CONVERSEES WITH, NILES HOGARTH!

IN HIS EXCITEMENT, SHORTY SLIPS AND FALLS! BUT INSTANTLY, HE LEAPS UP AND RACES OFF... WITH PIERRE AND HOGARTH IN GRIM PURSUIT!



YOU DID A SPLENDID JOB OF DERAILING THAT TRAIN, PIERRE! AT THIS RATE WE'LL LOWER PRODUCTION TO SUCH A LEVEL THAT DELMAR WILL BE GLAD TO SELL OUT AT ANY PRICE... WHICH WILL BE EXACTLY WHAT OUR SECRET EMPLOYER DESIRES!

YES, THINGS EES GOIN' FINE, -- BUT WE MUS' MAKE ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO WIPE OUT BRADLEY AN' SHORTY BEFORE THOSE TWO SNOOPERS LEARN TOO MUCH!



HE OVER-HEARD US! GET HIM!

STOP! STOP YOU!

G-GOOD, GOSH! IF THEY CATCH ME, I'M A GONER!



WHY, TH' LOW-DOWN DOUBLE-CROSSIN' CROOKS!

ABRUPTLY, SHORTY FINDS HIMSELF AT THE RIVER'S EDGE! -- HE HAS NO OTHER CHOICE BUT TO LEAP IN!

"BECOME A DETECTIVE"  
-- "EARN EASY MONEY!" --  
**PHOOIE!**



22

COME ON, PIERRE,  
AFTER HIM!  
THIS IS OUR  
CHANCE!

AN ACCIDENTAL  
DROWNING, EH?



23

CLOSELY PURSUED, BOUND TO BE OVERTAKEN ANY SECOND, SHORTY SEEKS DESPERATELY TO EVADE HIS FOES BY SPRINGING FROM LOG TO LOG!

COME BACK!  
YOU'LL KILL  
YOURSELF!

NO, THANK YOU!  
AN' IF I COME  
BACK, YOU'LL  
KILL ME!





UP UNTIL THE VERY LAST MOMENT, SHORTY DOES NOT KNOW THAT HE IS HEADED FOR THE BRINK OF A WATERFALL -- BUT BY THAT TIME IT IS **TOO LATE!**

BEHIND SHORTY, HOGARTH AND PIERRE MANAGE TO SCRAMBLE ASHORE JUST IN TIME

QUICK! GRAB MY HAND!

GOT IT!

LOOK! THE WATERFALL WILL ACCOMPLISH WHAT WE DESIRED: SHORTY'S DEATH!

CONVENIENT, EH?



NOTICING  
SHORTY'S  
ABSENCE,  
SLAM HAD  
GONE IN  
SEARCH OF  
HIM. . .

I'LL BET ANYTHING  
HE RUNS TRUE TO TYPE  
AND LANDS IN A  
MESS OF TROUBLE!

SLA-AM!  
HELP-LP!  
HELP!

IT'S SHORTY! --  
COURAGE! -- I'M  
COMING!

SWEPT TO THE VERY EDGE OF  
THE FALLS, SHORTY TEETERED  
FORWARD ON THE TIP, PREPAR-  
ATORY TO THE ACTUAL DROP!

YEAH!

WHY DON'T  
YOU PLAY LESS  
DANGEROUS  
GAMES?

FROM NOW ON  
I STICK TO  
WADING IN  
THE BATHTUB!

SEIZING A TRAILING VINE, SLAM SWINGS OUT -- OUT! . . . SPLIT SECONDS COUNT! JUST AS SHORTY PITCHES FORWARD TOWARD THE JAGGED ROCKS, A STRONG BUT WELCOME HAND, SNATCHING AT HIS CLOTHES, CLUTCHES HIM IN A FIRM GRIP, AND A MOMENT LATER BOTH HE AND SLAM ARE PLUMMETTING BACK TOWARD THE SHORE, AND SAFETY!

QUICK! NOW'S OUR  
CHANCE!-- WHAT LUCK!  
WE'LL BE ABLE TO  
RID OURSELVES OF  
BOTH OF THEM  
AT ONE STROKE!

HURRY!  
THEY'RE  
RETURNING!

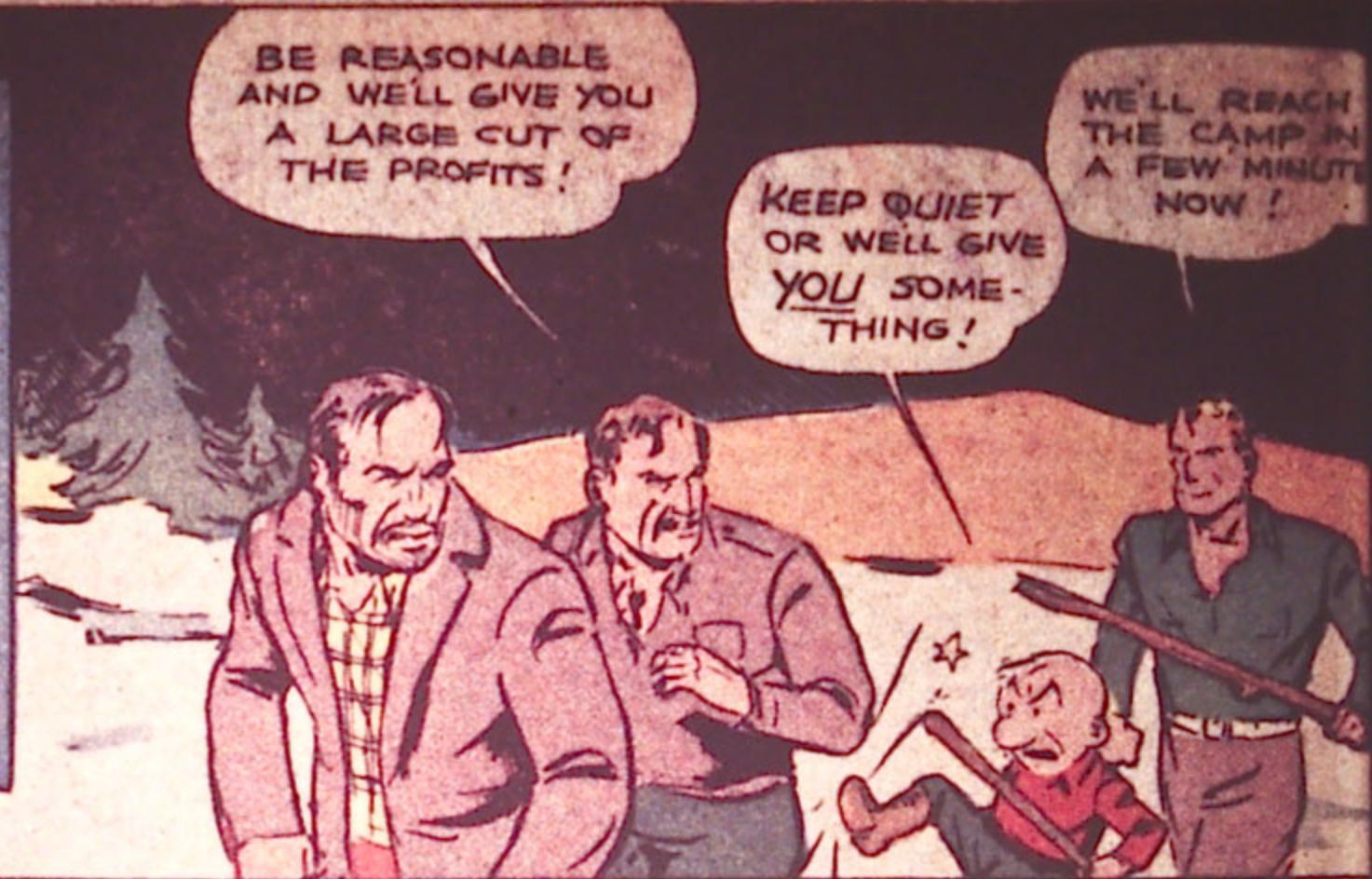
PIERRE AND HOGARTH HACK  
AT THE SLENDER VINE WHICH  
SEPARATES SLAM AND SHORTY  
FROM A HORRIBLE DEATH!

HERE'S SOME  
HEELS FOR A  
COUPLA "HEELS"!

I ALWAYS  
THOUGHT THAT  
FACE O'YERS WOULD  
MAKE A SWELL  
DOOR-MAT!

BUT LUCK IS WITH OUR  
TWO DETECTIVE-PALS! --  
THEY REACH THE SHORE  
IN TIME TO FOIL THE  
KILLERS!

35  
HEN SLAM  
AND SHORTY  
RETURN TO  
THE CAMP,  
THEY BRING  
THE FOREMAN  
AND HIS  
HIRELING  
ALONG WITH  
THEM,  
CAPTIVES



SHERIFF, ARREST THESE  
TWO MEN FOR DESTRUCT-  
ION OF PROPERTY AND  
CONSPIRACY TO  
DEFRAUD!

HOGARTH AND  
PIERRE! WELL,  
WELL! -- I'VE  
A CELL THAT'LL  
BE JUST PERFECT  
FOR YOU TWO  
BIRDS!



WHEN CIVILIZATION IS REACHED --

YOU CERTAINLY  
CLEARED UP THE  
SITUATION QUICKLY!  
-- WILL \$10,000  
BE ENOUGH?

TEN  
THOUSAND  
DOLLARS!

QUICK,  
TAKE  
BEFORE  
HE CHANGES  
HIS MIND



PREVUE OF NEXT ISSUE!



ACCOMPANY SLAM AND SHORTY  
UPON ONE OF THEIR MOST  
THRILLING ADVENTURES IN  
THE MIDST OF TWENTIETH-  
CENTURY PIRATES!

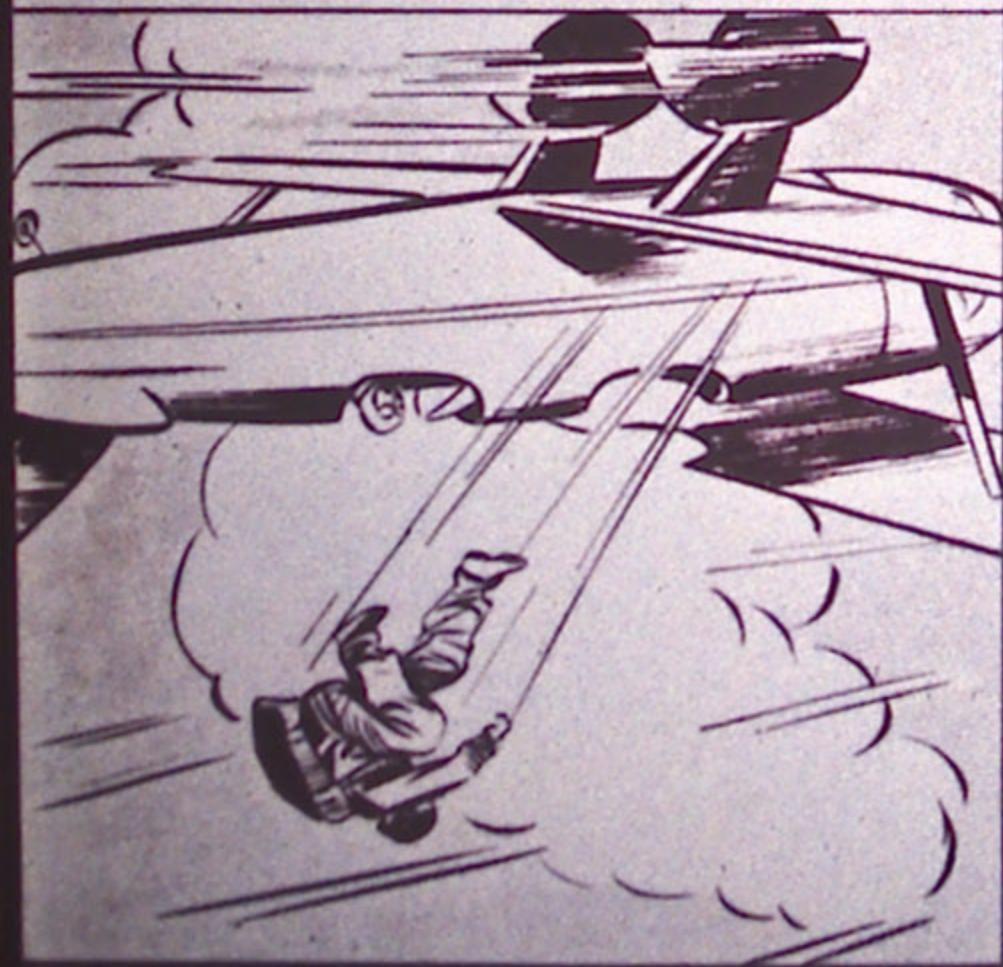
DON'T MISS IT!

# FLOYD STIMSON

## OFFICIAL PARACHUTE TESTER



FLOYD STIMSON, DAREDEVIL PARACHUTE JUMPER, IS FAMOUS FOR HIS DEATH-DEFYING LEAP FROM A SPEEDING PLANE FLYING UPSIDE DOWN —



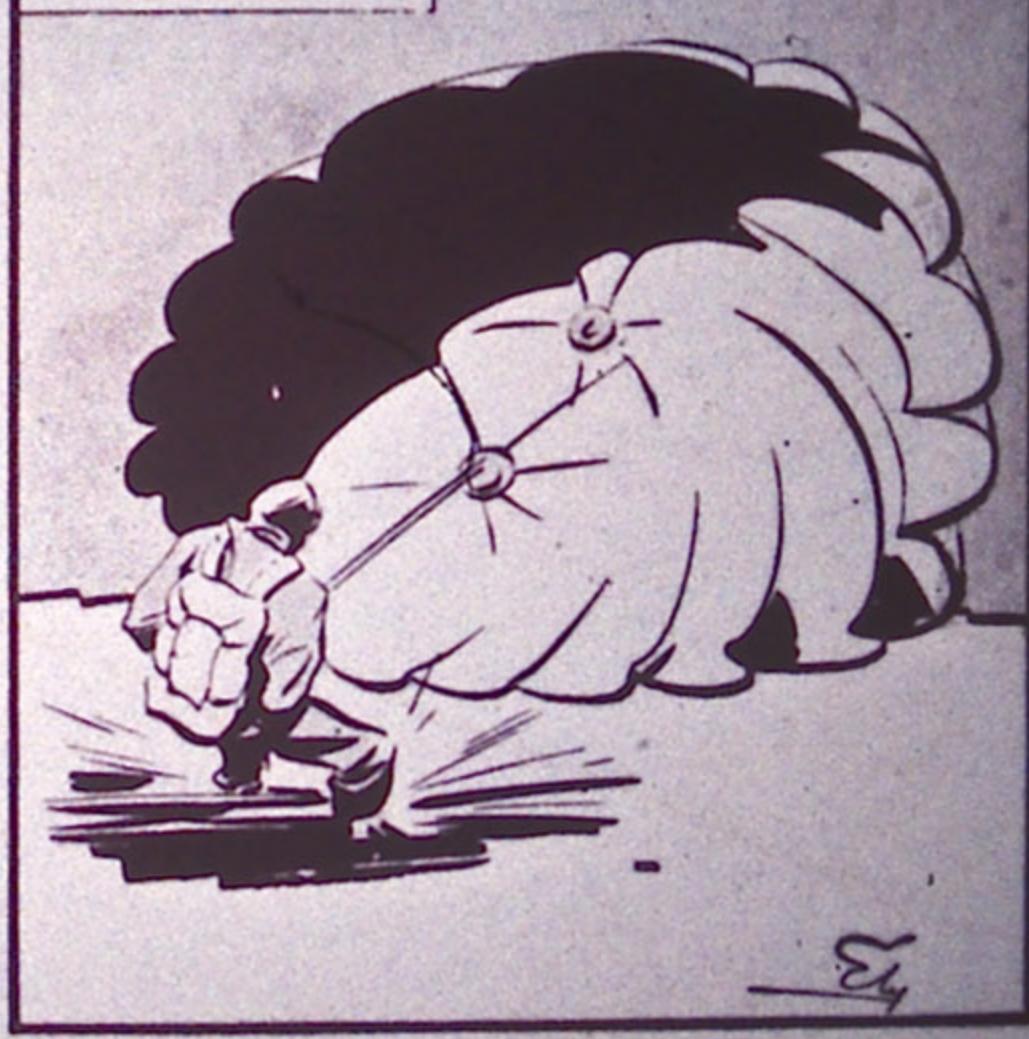
ONCE IN FLORIDA HE MADE A JUMP OF 2000 FEET HE DROPPED 500 FT, PULLED THE CORD AND THE BIG 'CHUTE FAILED TO OPEN —



HE YANKED THE CORD OF THE EMERGENCY 'CHUTE WHICH OPENED JUST IN TIME --



- TO SET HIM DOWN WITH A JOLT ON GOOD OLD TERRA FIRMA -



— E —

